ARMY BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

ARMY BALLADS AND OTHER VERSES

BY

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Author of "My Bunkie and Other Ballads,"
"The Dyak Chief and Other Verses"

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No. 1.

THIS VOLUME, LIKE ITS PREDECESSORS,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO MY MOTHER,
AND TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER,
CAPTAIN GEORGE L. GARRETT.

PREFACE

THIS book consists of verses taken from my two previous volumes, "The Dyak Chief and Other Verses" and "My Bunkie and Other Ballads", and fifteen recent poems, not heretofore published in book form. Of these latter, fourteen have been grouped together and form Part II, and the other, an army piece entitled "The Cavalryman," is the first poem in Part I.

The volume as a whole is divided into four parts.

Part I is composed exclusively of American army ballads, based on my personal experiences and observations while serving as a private in Companies L and G, 23rd U. S. Infantry (Regulars) and Troop I, 5th U. S. Cavalry (Regulars), during the Philippine Insurrection of 1899–1902.

For the benefit of the general reader, but especially for the benefit of those who have been good enough to take an interest in the army verses of one or the other of my two previous books, I would like to mention that this volume contains, in Part I, my full and complete collection of army ballads, to date.

Parts II and III consist of poems on various subjects, without any interrelation, and could as readily and consistently have been grouped together except for a possible desirability of keeping separate the newer and the older ones. Consequently I have placed all my new verses, except "The Cavalryman," by themselves to form Part II, and the non-military ones that appeared in "The Dyak Chief and Other Verses" and "My Bunkie and Other Ballads" I have grouped to form Part III.

Part IV consists wholly of the single, long poem, "The Dyak Chief." If one's liver is not strong or one's heart action is imperfect or if one is the unfortunate possessor of a supersensitive astral soul of abnormally ultra-violet susceptibility—they should pause, ponder and procrastinate ere attempting to peruse this final poem. It is the tale of a savage people, far beyond civilization's last outpost, in the heart of central Borneo, and for me to attempt to treat or adorn the subject in a delicate, dilettante manner would be about as logical and apropos as for the manager of the Zoo to use lavender water and talcum powder on the laughing hyena.

In closing this Preface it might be well to quote verbatim from the Preface of "The Dyak Chief and Other Verses:"

" 'The Dyak Chief' is a romance of central Borneo, that I visited in July, 1908, during a little trip around the World.

"Coming over from Java, which I had just finished touring, I arrived at Bandjermasin, in southeastern Borneo, near the coast, and from whence I took a small steamer up the Barito River to Poeroek Tjahoe, corrupted by the white man to 'Poorook Jow,' deep in the interior of the island.

"Poeroek Tjahoe was the last white (Dutch) settlement, and from there I went with three Malay coolies five days tramp on foot through the jungle, northwest, penetrating the very heart of Borneo, sleeping the first three nights in the houses of the Dyaks, some nomadic tribes of whom still roam the jungle as head-hunters, and the last two nights upon improvised platforms out in the open, till I reached Batoe Paoe, a town or kampong in the geographical center of the island.

"I also visited a nearby village, Olong Liko, afterwards returning by the Moeroeng and Barito Rivers to Poeroek

Tjahoe, and from thence back to Bandjermasin on the little river-steamer and then by boat to Singapore, which was the radiating headquarters for my trips to Sumatra, Java, Borneo and Siam.

"Having thus reached the very center of Borneo on foot, I had an excellent opportunity to study the country, the people and the general conditions, so that the reader of 'The Dyak Chief' need feel no hesitancy in accepting as accurate and authentic, all descriptions, details and touches of 'local color' or 'atmosphere' contained in the poem.

"Full notes on 'The Dyak Chief' will be found at the end of the volume. * * * * * *

"It is sincerely hoped that the reader will make full use of the notes appended at the back of the book, which addenda I have endeavored to treat with as much brevity as may be compatible with succinctness."

E. C. G.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1916.

CONTENTS

PART ONE — ARMY BALLADS

	PAGE
The Cavalryman	19
On the Water-Wagon	21
Army of Pacification	23
Solitary	25
The Sultan Comes to Town	27
Philippine Rankers	31
Dobie Itch	34
The Service Arms	36
My Bunkie	39
The Dog-Robber	41
The Old Sergeant	43
The Rookie	45
The Cruel American Soldier	46
The Army Growl	48
A Southern Philippine Guard	51
Hiking	53
The Night Rest	56
Mail-Day in the Philippines	58
The Bosoboso Trail	61
Philippine Twilight	64
The Beno Curse	66
Someone's Got a Mandolin	68
The Islands' Hand	70
"Taps"	72
The Regular Cavalree	74
General Nelson A. Miles	76
The Ex-Soldier's Trip Back	78
Major Sour	81

PAGE

Army Beans 83
Bugles Calling 86
Heroes 89
An Exile 91
The Machine Gun 93
Regular and Militiaman 95

PART TWO — NEW VERSES

Peace 101
Bobs of Kandahar 105
Old Acquaintance 106
The Song of the Submarine 108
After the Long Day's Work 110
Material 111
Albert of Belgium 113
The Song the Sea Fog Sang 114
Onward Pennsylvania! 116
Fame 118
The Grand Canyon 120
The King's Jester 121
In Memoriam 123
The Eternal Sea 124

PART THREE — OTHER VERSES

Shah Jehan 131
The Omnipotent 135
The Outbound Trail 137
The Fool 139
The Ships 142
The First Poet 143
The Test 145

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Port o' Lost Delight	147
William Cullen Bryant	151
King Bamboo	152
Music	153
Joggins	154
Arolas at Jolo	158
Christmas Greeting	161
The Empire Cities	162
The Heart of the Rover	165
To a College Friendship	167
The Song of Asia	168
The Calling of the Winds	171
The Failers	173
The City Moon	175
The Doubter	177
The Song of the Blind	180
Mark Twain	183
The Summit	184
The Little Bronze Cross	185
Keats	187
Christmas	188
Tuck Away — Little Dreams	189
Bloody Angle	190
The Microbe	192
The Seas	193
God's Acre	195
Gold	196
The Legion	197
The Altar	198
The Song of the Aeroplane	200
To My Mother	202

PAGE

Pack Your Trunk and Go 203
The New Bard 205
Woman 208
Father Time 210
My Loves 212
The Forum 214
The Heritage 215
The Adjusting Hour 217
The Outposters 218
Wondering 221
Battleships 223
The American Flag 226
The Great Doctors 228
The Dreamer and the Doer 229
Spain 230
The Lights 233
The Fairest Moon 234
The Striver 236
The Old Men 237
The Four-Roads Post 239
The Days of Chivalry 241
Phantom-land 243
The Rose 245
Patriotism 246
Kelvin 248

PART FOUR

The Dyak Chief 251

Notes 269
Criticisms 281

Heaven and Hell and Sorrow and Joy and Love and War and
Strife —
What a comical combination goes to making a soldier's life.
He's dark for a coat of white-wash —
But "white" 'neath a coat of tan —
So hold out your paw,
(And your heart, what's more),
To the Regular Army man,
Yes Yes:
And a three times three with a ripping roar
For the Regular Army Man.

PART ONE

ARMY BALLADS

If roughened songs of soldier life
Don't thrill you through and through,
If a little "cuss-word" here and there
Appals and frightens you,
Then, gentle reader, skip Part I
And hasten to Part II.

But if your better, stronger soul,
By broader breezes fanned,
Can see, beyond the gilt and dross,
Where nobler emblems stand —
Then read Part I and know each Son
Who guards the Fatherland.

THE CAVALRYMAN

HE was grisly, he was grumpy,
  He was freckled, gnarled and tanned;
And his boots they reeked o' Stables,
  And the veins swelled on his hand,
And he chewed black plug tobacco
  And he spat into the sand.

He eyed me front and backward —
  His glance was like a sword:
He frowned approval 'neath his hat
  That bore the yellow cord:
He said — "You're no dam'd Dough-boy
  Or Gunner or Engineer,"
And he shoved a hardened paw at me,
  With an Arizona leer.

Said he — "The Dough-boys, they're all right —
  They're good old socks at that.
They're plugging, plodding, useful guys —"
  Again he paused and spat.
"But, sure as a Rookie gets the boils
  And rolls like a ship at sea,
A Trooper of the Horse outranks
  A colonel o' infantry.

"And then," said he, "there come the Guns
  All polished up and swell:

And when they give a volley,
  Believe me, they raise hell.
They pick you off a mile or more
  And scatter you out to sea —
But a Trooper of the Horse outranks
  The whole Artillery.

"The Quinine Corps, though sloppy,
  Thank Heaven for the same;
The Ord'nance and the Builders
  All help along the game:
But —" here he swore a dreadful oath —
  The kind that rips and sears —
"*A Trooper of the Horse outranks*
  A General of Engineers."

ON THE WATER-WAGON

PAY-DAY'S done and I've had my little fun —
I've had my monthly row —
And they put me in "the mill" and they told me, "Peace be still,"
And — I am on the Water-wagon now.

Oh I'm on the Water-wagon and the time is surely draggin'
And I'm thirsty as I can be;
And I'm nursing of an eye that I got for being fly,
And I'm bunking back o' bars exclusively.

Now wouldn't it upset you — now wouldn't it afret you
If they jugged you 'cause you got a little tight,
And a zig-zag course you laid when doing Dress Parade,
And you really thought Guide Right was *Column* Right.

Oh I'm on the Water-wagon but the trial is surely laggin'
And I'm dryer than the Arizona dust,
And my throat is full o' hay and I'm choppin' wood all day
'Cause the Sergeant of the Guard, he says I must.

The Jug is rank and slummy and I'm sitting like a dummy
Looking over at the barracks where I hear the mess-tins clang:
And the fool I am comes o'er me, as I chant the same old story,
The Ballad of the Guard-house — until I go and hang: —

"Oh I'm on the Water-wagon, you'll never see me saggin',
I am glued and tied and fastened to the seat. . . ."
And I hear the fellers snicker where the two lone candles flicker,
And I shut-up like a soldier — with the Ballad incomplete.

ARMY OF PACIFICATION

Cuba 1907

I'VE hiked a trail where the last marks fail
And the vine-choked jungles yawn,
I've doubled-out on a dirty scout
Two hours before the dawn,
I've done my drill when the palms hung still
And rations nearly gone.

I've soldier'd in Pinar del Rio —
In 'Frisco and Aparri —
I've lifted their lights through the tropic nights
O'er the breast of a golden sea,
But this is surely the craziest puzzle
That ever has puzzled me.

It's this. I'm here in Cuba
Where the royal palms swing high,
And the White Man's plantations of all o' the Nations
Are scattered ahither and nigh
And the native galoot who *must* revolute
Though no one can tell you just why.

And when I go mapping the mountain and vale
Or a practice-march happens my way,
Each planter I meet is lovely and sweet
And setteth them up right away,
"And won't I come in and how've I been?"
And — "*How long do I think the troops stay?*"

They never besprinkled my bosom
When I soldier'd over home,
Nor clasped me in glee when I came from the sea
Where the Seal Rock breakers comb,
Or stamped on a strike and scattered them wide
Like the scud of the back-set foam.

When I saved 'em their stinking Islands
They cursed me for being rough:
(They wouldn't dare to have soldier'd there
But they called me brutal and tough.
I had done their work and the land was theirs,
Which I reckon was nearly enough).

They never enthuse over khaki or "blues"
Anywhere else I've been.
They never go wild and bless the child
And say "Oh Willie come in."
Though on my soul, I'm damned if I see
Just where is the Cardinal Sin.

I'm only a buck o' the rank and file
As stupid as I can be,
So this is the craziest puzzle
That ever has puzzled me.
(*I'm perfectly dry but I* must *bat an eye,*
For you think that I cannot see.)

SOLITARY

WE'RE walking our post like a little tin soldier,
  Backward and forward we go,
By the Solitary's cell, which assuredly is hell —
  It's five foot square you know.

The boy was all right but he would get tight
  When pay-day came around;
And the non-com he hated was thereupon slated
  To measure 5-10 on the ground.

Oh yes, *we've* been in the calaboose,
  We've done *our* turn in the jug;
'Cause the fellow we lick must go raise a kick —
  The dirty, cowardly mug.

His heart was all right and his arm was all right,
  But it's fearful what drink will do:
And the corporal he hit with the butt of a gun
  And nigh put the corporal through.

It's way against orders, it's awful, I know,
  They'd jug me myself — what's more —
But I must slip the beggar a chew and a smoke
  Just under the jamb of the door.

He's bound to get Ten and a Bob for sure
  Abreaking stone on the Isle,
So they fastened 'im fair in a five foot square
  Till the day that they give 'im a trial.

Oh the Corporal o' the Guard is a wakeful man —
  My duty is written plain,
But the Solitary there in his cramped and lonely lair,
  It's enough to drive a man insane.

He's time to repent for the money that he spent
  And the temper that cursed him too,
When he's breaking rock all day by the shores o' 'Frisco Bay
  Where he sees the happy homeward-bounds come through.

Shall we risk it — shall we risk it — heart o' mine?
  Oh *damn* the Corporal of the Guard.
While we slip "the makings" under to the Solitary's wonder,
  And the whispered thanks come back — "God bless you,
    pard."

THE SULTAN COMES TO TOWN

A Philippine Reminiscence of 1900

THE Sultan of Jolo has come to town —
Do tell!
The Sultan of Jolo has come to town—
The Sultan of Jolo of great renown —
And he's dressed like a general and walks like a clown
As well.

The Sultan of Jolo's a mighty chief —
My word!
The Sultan of Jolo's a mighty chief —
(Don't call 'im a grafter or chicken-thief,
For you'll surely come to your grief,
If heard).

The Sultan of Jolo's *such* a stride,
And style!
The Sultan of Jolo's *such* a stride,
And his skin's the color of rhino hide,
And he cheweth betel-nut beside:
(Oh vile!)

The Sultan of Jolo's a swell galoot —
You bet.
The Sultan of Jolo's a swell galoot,
So we line the scorching streets and salute,
("Presenting Arms" to the royal boot),
And sweat.

The Sultan of Jolo's a full-fledged king —
I say!
The Sultan of Jolo's a full-fledged king
As down the regiment's front they swing,
He and his Escort — wing and wing:
Hurray!

The Sultan of Jolo feels his weight,
In truth.
The Sultan of Jolo feels his weight
As he marches by in regal state
With Major Sour and all The Great,
Forsooth.

The Sultan proudly treads the earth
With "cuz."
The Sultan proudly treads the earth
O'ershadowed by the Major's girth,
But he knows just what the Major's worth:
He does.

The Sultan of Jolo's a haughty bun —
(Don't quiz).
The Sultan of Jolo's a haughty bun —
An honest, virtuous gentleman —
And he's rated high in Washington —
He is.

The Sultan of Jolo's a splendid bird —
Whoopee!
The Sultan of Jolo's a splendid bird,

But we in our ignorance pledge our word
His asinine plumage is absurd
To see.

The Sultan and Major Sour are
Such chums:
The Sultan and Major Sour are
So wrapped in love exceeding par,
That war shall never war-time mar —
— what comes.

(The Sultan of Jolo guesseth right —
Yo ho!
The Sultan of Jolo guesseth right,
As sure as daytime follows night,
That Major Sour wouldn't fight:
Lord — no!)

The Sultan of Jolo is pretty wise —
(And weeds).
The Sultan of Jolo is pretty wise,
In spite of innocent, bovine eyes,
And the soothing tongue o' the Eastern skies
And creeds.

The Sultan of Jolo passeth by —
Oh Lor'!
The Sultan of Jolo passeth by,
But we in the ranks can't wink an eye,
Though we think we know the Reasons Why,
And more.

The Sultan of Jolo walketh flat —
(Have a care!)
The Sultan of Jolo walketh flat,
But Nature's surely the cause of that;
And he's salaried high — and sleek and fat —
So there!

The Sultan of Jolo laughs in glee —
Why not?
The Sultan of Jolo laughs in glee
As his wages come across the sea
From those who *hate* polygamy —
God wot!

Oh the Sultan of Jolo's gold and gilt —
He is.
Oh the Sultan of Jolo's gold and gilt,
His chest and his sleeves and his good sword hilt,
And he knows the lines on which are built —
His *biz*.

PHILIPPINE RANKERS

CLEAR down the thin-thatched barrack-room
The varying voices rise —
The shrill New England teacher's —
(The wisest of the wise) —
And the Cowboy cleaning cartridges
And telling fearful lies.

The Bowery Boy is fast asleep
Performing Bunk-fatigue,
The Kid who simply can't keep still
Is pounding through a jig,
And a plain darn fool just sits and sings
And sneaks another swig.

A bouncing bargain-counter clerk
Dilates to Private Brown,
The lordly top-notch swell he is
When *he* is back in town,
And the scion of an ancient name
Just yawns and hides a frown.

The mountain-riding Parson talks
T' his Y. M. C. A. band,
And mine Professor's turning Keats
With hard and grimy hand,
And Johnny's reading football news
When baseball fills the land.

And some they pull together —
  And some won't gee at all —
And some are looking for a fight
  And riding for a fall —
And some, they ran from prison bars;
  And some, just heard The Call.

And some are simply "rotters" —
  And some the Country's best:
And some are from the cultured East —
  And some the sculptured West:
And some they never heard of Burke —
  And some they sport a crest.

("The Backbone of the Army" —
  "The Chosen of the Lord" —
The Faithful of the Fathers —
  The Wielders of the Sword —
The hired of the helpless —
  The bruisers and the bored.)

The east-sides of the cities
  Are aye foregathered here;
The best sides of the cities
  Are come from far and near,
To mix their books and Bibles
  With oaths and rotten beer.

. . . . . .

Clear down the mud-browed, blood-plowed ranks
  The thin, tanned faces lift;

The long, lean line that hears the whine
  Of the bamboo's silken sift,
And the sudden rush and the chug and the hush
  Where the careless bullets drift.

The Parson's up and shooting
  And cursing like a fool;
The Bowery Boy is bleeding fast
  In a red and ragged pool;
And mine Professor gags the wound —
  (Which he didn't learn in school).

. . . . . .

Nor creed nor sign nor order —
  Nor clan nor clique nor class:
Never a mark to brand him
  As he chokes in the paddy grass:
Only the tide of Bunker Hill,
  That ebbs, but may not pass.

DOBIE ITCH

TELL about the fever
And all y' tropic ills,
Tell about the cholera camp
Over 'mong the hills;
Tell about the small-pox
Where the bamboos switch,
But close y' face and let me *tell*
About the Dobie Itch.

It isn't erysipelas —
It isn't nettle-rash;
It isn't got from eating pork,
Or drinking native trash.
You smear your toes with ointment,
And think you're getting well,
And then the damn thing comes again
And simply raises hell.

You've hiked all day in sun and rain
Through hills and paddy mire,
Abaft the slippery googoos
Who shoot — and then retire:
And now you've taken off your shoes
And settled for a rest,
When suddenly your feet they start
To itch *like all possessed.*

(Better take your socks off
And then see how it goes. . . .
"Ouch! m' bloody stockin's
Stickin' to m' toes.")

Scratching, scratching, scratching,
Burning scab and sore,
("Stop, you fool, you'll poison 'em!"
Hear your bunkie roar).
Never mind the poison —
Ease the maddening pain,
Till your poor old tired feet
Start to bleed again.

Tell about the fever
And all y' tropic ills,
Tell about the cholera camp
Over 'mong the hills;
Tell about the small-pox
Where the bamboos switch,
But close y' face and let me *tell*
About the Dobie Itch.

THE SERVICE ARMS

CLEAR from clotted Bunker Hill
And frozen Valley Forge,
To the Luzon trenches
And the fern-choked gorge:
All the Service — all the Arms —
Horse and Foot and Guns —
East and West who gave your best —
Stand and pledge your Sons!

THE INFANTRY:

As the Juggernaut slow rolls
Ringing red with reeking tolls,
Crushing out its Hindu souls
In Vishnu's name:
As the unrelenting tide
Sweeps the weary wreckage wide,
Bidding all men stand aside
Or rue the game:

Meeting front and flank and rear,
Charge on charge with cheer on cheer,
Where the senseless corpses leer
Against the sun:
Sure as fate and faith and sign
I o'erwhelm them — they are mine;
And I pause where weeps the wine
Of battle won.

THE ARTILLERY:

As the slumbering craters wake,
And the neighboring foot hills shake,
As in shotted flame they break
  Athwart the sky:
As the swollen streams of Spring
Meet their river wing and wing,
Till it sweeps a monstrous thing
  Where cities die:

With a cold sardonic smile,
At a range of half a mile,
I — I lop them off in style
  By six and eights:
As they come — their Country's best —
Like a roaring, seething crest,
And I knock them Galley West
  Where Glory Waits.

THE CAVALRY:

As the tidal wave in spate
Batters down the great flood gate
Where the huddled children wait
  Behind the doors:
As the eagle in its flight
Sweeps the plain to left and right,
Strewing carnage, wreck and blight
  And homeward soars:

As the raging, wild typhoon,
'Neath a white and callous moon,

Lifts the listless low lagoon
  Into the sea:
In my tyranny and power
I have swept them where they cower,
I have turned the battle-hour
  To the cry of Victory!

MY BUNKIE

HE'S mostly gnarls and freckles and tan,
He'd surely come under Society's ban,
He's a swearing, fighting cavalryman,
But — he's my bunkie.

He's weathered the winds of the Western waste —
(Oh you, gentle Christian, would call him debased) —
And he's loved at his ease and married in haste,
Has my bunkie.

In a Philippine paddy he's slept in the rain
When he's drunk rotten beno that drives you insane:
And he's often court-martialed — yes over again,
Is my bunkie.

He's been on a booze the whole blooming night
To mount guard the next morning most awfully tight;
Though he's "dressed" like a soldier when given "Guide right,"
Has my bunkie.

He doesn't know Browning or Ibsen or Keats,
But he knows mighty well when the other man cheats,
And he licks him and makes him the laugh of the "streets"—
Does my bunkie.

He stands by and cheers when *I'm* having fun,
And when it is over says "Pretty well done."
Though he takes a large hand if they rush two to one,
For — he's my bunkie.

When "Taps" has blown and all the troop sleep,
We nudge each other and gingerly creep
To there where the shadows hang heavy and deep,
I and bunkie.

And then when the fire-flies flittering roam,
We sit close together out there in the gloam
And talk about things appertaining to home,
I and bunkie.

If the sweet tropic fever is shrinking my spine,
And they blow "Boots and Saddles" to chase the brown swine,
He'll give me a leg-up and ride me in line,
Will my bunkie.

And if I get hit — his arm goes around,
And raises me tenderly off of the ground,
And the words on his lips are a comforting sound,
The words on the lips of my bunkie.

THE DOG-ROBBER

IT'S anything but "Duty" —
  It's anything but work —
It's sit with a pen in the sergeant's den
  And see what you can shirk.

It's polish the first lieutenant's shoes
  And be the captain's "maid."
It's something else than walking post,
  Or drill or dress parade.

It's feet on a table and cigarettes
  When the men go out to groom,
And the details pass through the paddy grass
  In the slough of the falling gloom.

It's wearing four-inch collars
  When the troop is on the trail;
It's strutting by with a haughty eye
  When rations start to fail.

It's sitting safe in a guarded town
  With three square meals a day,
When the rest are out on a stinking scout
  Some thirty miles away.

It's digging deep with a doughty pen
  In a "casa" clean and dry,
While the splash and thud in the six-months' mud
  Tells where the troop goes by.

(While the heavy hush of the dawning day
  Lifts—amber, dun and red,
And the palms look down on the nipa town
  To count the khaki dead.)

(When the palms look down on his final gasp
  And they turn him to the sky —
And the Captured stare through their matted hair
  To see how the strong can die.)

It's being a damned civilian,
  Tiked out in blue and tan,
When you came in to fight like sin
  And be a soldierman.

For it's everything under heaven
  A Ranker shouldn't do;
And even down to the rookie clown
  They scorn and laugh at you.

It's anything but "duty" —
  It's anything but work —
It's extra pay and an easy day,
  And shirk — shirk — shirk.

THE OLD SERGEANT

WHEN I saw him he was sitting looking out across a valley —
Fair and fertile — palm-bestudded — mountain-backed and green;
But the strong gray eyes were weary, just a very trifle weary
With the long, long years of service they had seen.

And I kind of took it easy — spoke about the pleasant weather —
And the landscape and the people and the ways;
And the Service — I had seen it? — O well just a little — *poco* —
So that *pronto* it was drifting to the tale of other days.

Santiago — Arizona — and Caloocan and the North Line —
Palm and sage-brush — insurrecto — Español — Geronimo. . . .
And the valley and the mountains doing splendid yeoman service
For the shifting scenes of battle as I watched them come and go.

Though more vivid than the valley — though more mighty than the mountains —
Though more telling than "the telling" far — to me —
Seemed the sun-seared wind-scarred visage and the unrelenting shoulders
And mustache and hair awhitening like the combers out at sea.

But the watchful eyes and weary told the story yet more clearly,
Alkali and cactus valley — transport — paddy — wind and rain —
Riven, roweled, reformed and roaring — year on year through wait and warring —
Lifting yet the faithful burning epochs slowly back again.

Cease counting coin, Civilian, for just a little *minute:*
Stop drilling Rookie — 'sperro— *Attention there I say:*
Salute! . . . A Nation guarded stands while men like he are in it
To lead a charge or check a rush or tide a turning day.

And when the gold-laced brigadiers reflect the gleaming sunlight —
When plumed and burnished aid-de-camps are clanking gaily by —
Look where you see him — *grim and straight, eyes front, unmoved and splendid* —
A mighty king in khaki — *against the morning sky.*

THE ROOKIE*

HE carries his gun like a sack of wheat —
  He walks like a load of coal —
When they give 'em "About" he prances on
  With an innocent off-shore roll:
And "The Top" is willing to bet his pay
  That he hasn't any soul.

When it comes "Right dress" he looks to the left
  With an asinine pose and face;
And the captain swears and the colonel stares —
  To the company's large disgrace:
And the officers' wives and daughters laugh —
  (Which never helps the case).

He gets some hell at muster —
  He gets more hell at drill —
He gets most hell on a bumpety horse
  Whenever he takes a spill:
And he's sure to get hell if he talks in his sleep —
  (Oh yes, he most certainly will).

I suppose they *must* have rookies,
  Though it's horribly hard to see.
But wait. . . . If there were no rookies,
  Just where would the Army be?
And I guess one time the worst in the bunch
  Was asinine, awkward Me.

* A new recruit

THE CRUEL AMERICAN SOLDIER

IT'S hot and dry, and the tropic sky
  Is a sheet of burnished blue;
And the paddies bare in the stifling air
  Have a sickening, saffron hue.

And you ride along with never a song,
  With never a quip or jest;
Through jungle and vale, o'er hill and dale,
  From valley to mountain crest.

The parrots white in the dazzling light,
  Are screeching overhead,
And the monkeys chaff and seem to laugh,
  And know you're nearly dead.

And you've the blues as in "column of twos"
  Through the heat and dust you ride,
No water's nigh, and your canteen's dry,
  And you're chiefly starved inside.

But the day's nigh done, and the setting sun
  Sinks down in the China Sea,
And the first faint breeze through the highest trees
  Is speaking to you and me.

And soon we'll hear the balm to the ear,
  Of "Halt!" "Dismount!" and then —
But what is this to spoil that bliss
  To the souls of tired men?

A body lies 'neath the twilight skies
  Just ahead beside the trail,
And hacked and cut in a bloody rut
  Stares up in the daylight pale.

'Tis a fellow who (a bunkie to you)
  You had talked to in the morn;
Now there he lay in the evening gray
  Cut mutilated and torn.

A month on the trail will seldom fail
  To harden the soul of man,
And a friend found dead with a grass-stuffed head,
  To soothe you — it hardly can.

And the lizards mock in the growing dark,
  And the pale moon laughs in scorn,
And the fevered sod bears the curse of God,
  And may claim you ere the morn.

The earth seems black from front to back,
  "God's Country" is far away,
Revenge is sweet, and here 'tis mete
  It should come ere another day.

. . . . . .

(ONE MONTH LATER.)

And of course that's how they raised such a row,
  From 'Frisco to Boston-town,
And the papers lied and the ladies cried
  For our "poor little brothers brown."

THE ARMY GROWL

OH beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack —
There is something radically wrong.

Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss —
And — beware of the soldier without a growl —
Above all *remember this.*

He'll growl when he answers reveille,
He'll growl when the lamps are lit,
He'll growl when he has to groom his horse,
He'll growl when he "strikes the grit."

He'll growl 'cause the W. C. T. U.
Have stolen his booze and beer,
And he has to go to a native shack
For "beno's" poison cheer.

He'll growl when he's up to his knees in mud,
In the paddy's sticky mire;
He'll growl 'bout the "niggers" he has to chase
'Neath the tropic's scorching fire.

He'll growl in the rainy season when
He's wet the live-long day,
He'll growl if the weather's hot and dry,
For the fever's holding sway.

He'll growl when he's in the "calaboose,"
For getting a little drunk;
He'll growl at the government beans and slum,
The java and spuds and punk.

He'll growl at "the top" whom he doesn't love
(And the captain on the side),
He'll growl about inspections
And the length of the water-ride.

But — he'll live on "emergency rations,"
Where the average man would die,
Or hike all day in a tropic sun
Though his throat is hot and dry.

Or walk his post through the long wet night
'Neath the gloom of the dripping palm,
While the fever's burning his very soul,
Though his face is set and calm.

Yes — he'll charge 'neath a hotter fire than
E'er welcomed the Light Brigade,
And hold a trench with the easy grace
Of militia on parade.

Or 'tend to a wounded comrade who
Has dropped with a shattered knee —
(And at roll it's "*Here*" to Bunkie's name
If Bunkie is on a spree).

So give 'im his growl (but don't *you* howl),
And let him whene'er he can,
For he sure has enough to make him gruff —
The Regular Army Man.

Oh beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack,
There is something radically wrong.

Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss,
And — beware of the soldier without a growl —
Above all *remember this.*

A SOUTHERN PHILIPPINE GUARD

DID you ever pike a post,
When the morn was come almost,
And that lonely light to eastward tells the dawning of the day?
All the rest the world's asleep,
And the shadows seem most deep,
And the Moros of the southern isles turn Meccaward to pray.

Southward toward Celebes,
O'er the glassy tropic seas,
You can almost smell the spices and the jungle odors rare;
And from eastern Mindanao
Down to little green Bongao
Stately palms are gently swaying in the flower-scented air.

And you're treading back and forth,
Glancing west and south and north,
And the faint lights to the eastward mark the mountains deeper gloom:
While upon the coral beach,
Twixt the parrots' rising screech,
You can hear the steady cadence of the South Sea's surly boom.

Where the outer shadows meet,
You may hear the tom-tom's beat
From a shack upon the hillside, or the beach a mile away;

In the West still reigns the night,
In the East a pearly light
Is proclaiming the approaching of another tropic day.

And a hush is on your soul,
And the warm sea's silent roll
Bears you eastward, eastward, eastward, 'cross the leagues of swelling foam;
For you seem to slowly rise,
And transported through the skies,
You are borne to "God's Country" — you are borne back to home.

Back ten thousand miles to where
Lies a green land over there,
And the faces and the houses nod and beckon left and right —
But a palm-limb's falling thud
Checks your dream-enchanted blood —
And the parrots screech more loudly, and the world is growing light.

HIKING

OH it's hiking, hiking, hiking — hiking the livelong day;
And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the heavens leaden gray;
And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight thousand miles from home;
And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you roam, roam, roam.

. . . . . .

Two good feet deep the waters lie
In the paddies soggy bare,
And two miles high the floods come down
Through the stifling tropic air.

And two by two in dun and blue,
With shoulders hunched and wet,
The half-starved troopers sodden ride,
On mounts more sodden yet.

It's splash and thud and splash and thud,
All down along the line,
(Cold water's ooze in army shoes
Is something *very* fine).

No pipe will stand a pour like this,
No bird dares sing a song,
No cheerful sound can emanate
From that line thin and long.

The damp winds sneak with sickly shriek
  Through clumps of bare bamboo,
And the fire-tree ('twixt you and me)
  Is really rather blue.

"Emergency ration" four days out
  Does fall a trifle flat,
And the troop all swear it's chicken-food,
  That's made by Mr. Pratt.

No booze in sight, no bunk in sight,
  No chew, no smoke, no sleep,
And a bunch of "niggers" off a way,
  There in the jungle deep.

They're slippery eels o' summer;
  They hate a krag or "gun,"
They stab behind (if they've the odds),
  And then they up and run.

"Amigo" to your face, forsooth,
  Or when you spend the dough,
But a red-hand "katipunan" when
  You turn around to go.

. . . . . .

A score of miles since early morn,
  The same ere close of night,
A comrade's life to be avenged,
  A hate both just and right.

A grumble and a look ahead,
A "column right" or "left,"
A low bough hanging o'er the trail,
A ducking quick and deft.

The horse behind is splashing mud
Right down your blooming neck,
And a prickly branch has whipped your side
And left your shirt a wreck.

Ye gods! in truth, 'tis warfare this;
No charge across a plain —
Excitement of the moment 'midst
The shouts of martial strain.

But hunt, hunt, hunt, and plod, plod, plod,
O'er the trail without an end,
After the "insurrectos" —
For that's the word they send

From "The Palace" in Manila;
They've clicked it o'er the wire,
And we hit the trail and never fail
To do as they desire.

. . . . . .

Oh it's hiking, hiking, hiking — hiking the livelong day;
And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the heavens leaden gray;
And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight thousand miles from home;
And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you roam, roam, roam.

THE NIGHT REST

WHEN the first stars light and the gloom of night
  Falls over the paddies bare,
When the lizards mock and the mongrels bark,
  And cooler grows the air —

When the tropic heat has ceased to beat
  With vengeance fierce as fire;
And the swaying palm in the growing calm
  Has lulled your tepid ire.

When you hear the munch and the steady crunch
  Of the horses grazing near;
And the rhythmic tread like muffled lead
  Of the sentry's pacing drear —

When you hit the trail till the last lights fail;
  And you know you've earned a rest;
When the chill night air o'er paddies bare
  Makes blankets doubly blest —

And the evening breeze — with head at ease
  In a saddle's sunken seat —
And you watch afar and greet each star
  As a friend — old, loved, discreet —

When each bright light in the vaulted night
  Looks down on your fevered face:
When you forget the day's regret,
  And your hate for the island race —

When the monkey's speech and the parrot's screech
  Is hushed till another day;
When the East is black where the bamboos crack,
  And the West has a streak of gray. . . .

. . . . . .

Oh the soothing balm and the quiet calm
  Of the glorious star-strewn shore;
And a little space, by Night's good grace,
  From the scenes of a tropic war.

MAIL-DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

CLATTER, clatter, nearer, nearer,
Comes the sound of horses' feet
From Manila-way ahastening,
Down the dusty village street.

Why from quarters, shacks and stables,
Why from near and far away,
Stream the soldiers shouting welcome
To the rider, dusty gray?

E'en the cook lets drop the ladle,
Handle first into the slum;
E'en the sick rise on their elbows
When those clattering hoof-beats come.

E'en the commissary sergeant,
Quick forgetting troubles all,
Drops "invoices" and "returns," and
Comes arunning at the call.

While across the way the captain,
From his quarters looking o'er,
Seems impatiently awaiting,
Pray what *is* he looking for?

Stoops the rider from his saddle,
Throwing down a canvas bag,
Stained and dirty, striped and lettered,
"U. S. Mail" (the blessed rag).

Then the troop-clerk, ostentatious,
Opens up the bag and then,
Crowding round him breathless, noiseless,
Surge a silent sea of men.

Standing shoulder rubbing shoulder,
Upturned faces anxious drawn,
Listening for their names and watching
'Till the last white missive's gone.

Next a scatt'ring back to quarters,
Where the bunks are promptly "hit,"
Then an opening of the letters,
Which a month ago were writ.

"Broncho" Bill with index finger
Runs along each precious line,
And a smile is softly growing
O'er those features rough as pine.

And "the Kid" has got a photo
That he's eyeing awful well,
'Tis a picture of — oh really,
It is hardly fair to tell.

Private Brown — 'tween slow-turned pages —
Stares beyond the paddied line:
But the blood-pride of the ages
Chokes the rising outer sign.

Sergeant Smith, an old campaigner,
Shows with pride a golden curl
To his bunkie, speaking husky,
"From my precious little girl."

Thompson has a box of candy,
And his popularity
(Which was never much to brag of)
Has developed wonderfully.

"Bowery Pete" quite freely tells you
He's a letter from his "goil;"
And he'd like to put you next that
She is sure a little "poil."

Little Johnson's reading closely,
Little Johnson's eyes are wet,
Now he's staring out the window,
And his look is sort of set.

Some are laughing, some are eating,
Some are reading, some are glad,
Some are talking, some are singing,
Some — well, some look kind of bad

THE BOSOBOSO TRAIL

ASK the men of "I" troop,
  Ask the men of "L,"
How they struck the rugged trail
  When the twilight fell.

White and clear the stars shone
  In the coming night;
Westward o'er Manila
  Lingered yet the light.

News of trouble spreading
  'Cross the mountains fast,
Treacherous Bosoboso
  Is the culprit last.

Stable, horse and saddle,
  Spur and carbine stout;
Antipolo watching
  As the troops ride out.

Black the night falls faster,
  Black the mountains rise,
And the forest shutting
  Out the star-flecked skies.

Know ye tropic jungles,
  When the sun is set,
And the gloom lies heavy,
  Stifling, black and wet?

In the light of noon-day
  Troopers curse and rail
At the bough-hung, winding
  Bosoboso trail.

In the jungle nightfall
  Naught the eye may see,
Shelving rock and gulley,
  Root and bough of tree.

This the men of "I" troop,
  And the men of "L,"
Of the good Fifth Cavalry
  Struck as evening fell.

And dismounting, each one
  Slowly led a horse,
Grasping tail of one ahead —
  Plunging o'er the course —

Forefeet tramping on you
  When the column stops;
Weary sockets straining
  When it forward rocks.

If you lose your leader —
  If your footing fail —
Lost the column plunges
  From the inky trail.

In a gloom where owls might
  Hardly hope to see;
Stumbling, crashing over
  Rock and fallen tree.

'Midst the fevered blackness
  Of the jungle's heart;
From all human feelings
  Torn far apart.

Plunging mad and weary,
  Bruised and full of hate;
Knowing, caring little
  Where the "umbres" wait.

Cursing "insurrectos,"
  And the lights that fail·
Cursing low and stoutly
  Bosoboso's trail.

Bosoboso's broken trail,
  When the sun is set,
And the shades lie heavy,
  Reeking, black and wet.

PHILIPPINE TWILIGHT

SLOWLY the sun is sinking,
  Slowly the lights grow dim;
Slowly down in the tropic sea
  Droppeth the burning rim.

Slowly the farther islands
  Melt in the mellow maze;
Slowly out on the whitened walls
  The lizards creep to gaze.

Slowly the snowy parrots
  Sweep to their jungle rest.
Slowly the gold and crimson
  Fade in the darkening west.

Slowly the tasseled palm leaves
  Sway in the evening breeze.
Slowly the old familiar stars
  Rise o'er the tallest trees.

Slowly the hike and skirmish,
  Fever and burning days,
Treachery, hate and malice,
  Melt in the evening haze.

Slowly the Visions wander
  Over the alien sea —
Faces and towns and rivers;
  Known to you and me.

Slowly they nestle with us,
  There in the tropic night;
Strengthening, soothing, helping,
  Seeing our three-fold fight.

Slowly the flaming fire-tree
  Turns to a sombre pine.
Slowly the purple clusters
  Grow on the barren vine.

Slowly the distant parrots —
  Specks in the darkening sky —
Melt into homing swallows,
  Over the jungle high.

Slowly the rice-grown paddies,
  Wave with the western wheat.
Slowly the scent of violets
  Sweetens the humid heat.

Slowly the clouds rose-tinted
  Change to the faces we
Left in a white man's country,
  Over the ashen sea.

Slowly the lingering lilac
  Fades in the western sky:
Heavy the stifling gloom falls —
  Night — and the Visions die.

THE BENO CURSE

FOUR we held the lurching litter:
  Five they held him in his place:
Dark and crimson, wild and fighting,
  Bloody eyes and bloated face.

" 'Nother case," the surgeon muttered,
  When they lifted him abed.
Just the "Barbary Coast" of 'Frisco —
  Just a taste of "Dago Red."

. . . . . .

Up the transport's ladder struggling,
  Four to one they slip and slide.
Two steps up, and one returning,
  Bumping 'gainst the vessel's side:

Filled with Nagasaki "saké" —
  Swearing, cursing, sweating cold —
Knotted muscles, purple, straining,
  Roped and thrown down the hold.

. . . . . .

We have seen the Curse of Nations,
  'Bove and 'neath the sweltering Line —
Lilac, crimson, white and amber,
  Dark and murky, crystal fine.

Juices of the bulb and berry,
  Where the jungle flower grows:
Blood of palms, slow-tapped and silent,
  Where the phosphor ocean glows.

Juices of the grain and vineyard,
Sweet and bitter, dark and light;
Where the Dipper arches northward,
Pale and shining, fair and white.

But in Beno's grip imprisoned —
Water-colored, harmless, clear —
We have seen the strong men sinking,
Month by month and year by year.

We have seen the bronzed campaigner,
We have seen the beardless cheek,
Earn the eyes that lack the lustre,
Lose the lips that mark the weak.

We have seen the hands of giants
Tremble like a child with chills,
Till, befuddled, wan and wandering,
Crazed, they sought the silent hills.

Yes, we know them east and westward,
Amber, crimson, white and clear:
Yes, we've seen the fiends incarnate
Lift the burning levels near:

But, we've watched the silent sinking,
Day by day the seasons through;
We have seen the slow damnation:
Beno, here's a health to you!

SOMEONE'S GOT A MANDOLIN

(PHILIPPINE TRANSPORT BALLAD)

SOMEONE'S got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Jolly little tinkler talks most surprising plain:
"You've done your work — in fact — done it rather well;
And now you're really honest truly going home again."

Dusk is slowly settling and we're loafing on the deck,
Looking most contented out across the leaden sea.
Duty done and getting dark — (rather dark for cards) —
And just a line of lazy smoke arolling by the lee.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
(Funny how a mandolin can search a soldier's soul):
Kind of up and talks to you when day begins to fail,
And you're heading homeward on the long Pacific roll.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Tinkling of the days behind — the skirmish in the rain —
Soggy paddies full of rice and nipa shacks and palms —
"Humbres" given to the ants and "humbres" you've slain.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Seems to sort of sing along with flying-fish and foam:
Kind of makes you blink a bit — (it's cinders from the stack) —
And jingles mighty plainly of the people over home.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Jolly little mandolin — crazy little soul:
Says the salt air's eating out the fever in our bones —
Mustn't mind at lacking thirty pounds o' being whole.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Singing we're heading east to where God's Country lies:
Laughing we'll fatten-up on tenderloin and milk,
Canvasback and terrapin, batter-cakes and pies.

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Plaintive little mandolin — sort o' soft and low —
Says in just a little while we'll see 'em all again —
Mustn't fret because the transport's running rather slow.

("Mustn't fret, no mustn't fret," — the flying-fish reply,
"Though you left him buried there behind the bare bamboo":
"Mustn't fret, no mustn't fret" — the little white-caps cry,
"But gulp it down and think about the ones awaiting you.")

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Laughing up the leaden lift and sighing down the roll —
Other days and other ways—ahead, astern, adrift —
Is it wood and strings or *has* the chubby thing a soul?

Someone's got a mandolin — over by the rail:
Jolly little tinkler talks most surprising plain: —
"You've done your work — in fact — done it rather well;
And now you're really honest truly going home again!"

THE ISLANDS' HAND

FIVE thousand miles they've left them
O'er phosphor-streaking ocean;
Five thousand miles of rollers,
And flying-fish and whale;
And gulls around the topmast
And sharks around the rudder —
And sixteen days of steaming
With never sight of sail.

Two years — or five — or twenty
This side the sunset ocean;
Two years — or five — or twenty
They've left the Islands' care.
Men call them hale and hearty —
And laugh about the Islands;
(Men laugh about the Islands
Who've never soldier'd there.)

Men call them "health's reflection,"
And joke of their "excursion,"
For they're strong and hardy
And lift the hours through.
Though of those who've trailed the Islands
With the fever eating inward,
They're little asking sympathy
Of little thinking you.

But the Islands' hand is on them,
(Be the cycles two or twenty —
And the span of buffer ocean
  Five thousand miles between);
When the days are running lightest —
And life is worth the living,
The Islands' hand descendeth —
  Dull-throbbing — sharp and keen.

Unpensioned — undesiring —
They're smiling in your faces;
They're jesting, dancing, laughing —
  With the old ache burning there.
It will lift — mayhap — to-morrow —
To return when unexpected;
To return when least desired,
  Just to smite you unaware.

Five thousand miles of ocean,
And the buffer years arolling,
And the silent seasons waking
  In the Land of Little Care:
Men call them hale and hearty —
And laugh about the Islands:
(Men laugh about the Islands
  Who've never soldier'd there.)

"TAPS"

WE'VE heard it in the mountains,
  We've heard it in the vale,
We've heard it in the times of peace,
  And when the war-dogs trail.
We've heard it in the jungle,
  We've heard it on the snows,
We've heard it — yes — 'most everywhere,
  And we love it — God knows.

We've heard it, and it stood for
  A little rest and sleep,
When the twinkling sentries overhead
  Their "post" and "orders" keep.
When the great war-god Orion
  Looked down from out the night,
And bade us think of those at home
  Beneath another light.

We've heard it when we bivouacked
  Behind the day's alarm:
We've heard it when we buried him
  Beneath the tropic palm:
We've heard it on the transport,
  We've heard it on the plain,
We've heard it in the islands
  'Midst the fever and the rain.

We've heard it — and the ringing
  Down through the countless years,
Will take us back to war and strife,
  To love and joy and tears.
And when the Last Great Muster
  Shall find us on the roll,
We *hope* they're blowing Taps again —
  To speed a soldier's soul.

THE REGULAR CAVALREE

EYES and ears of the army,
  Galloping wild and free,
Feelers and nerves of the central head,
Muddy and swearing and spattered red
With blood of the wounded and dying and dead,
    The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
      The Regular Cavalree!

Flanking the battery's belching blaze,
  Crash! and the gunners flee:
Then — off — and away we go —
Down on the infantry's flank we blow—
Pistol and sabre laying them low—
    The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
      The Regular Cavalree!

Watch the troop-train passing by,
  Up from the port of the sea;
Down like the eagle in swiftest flight —
Sweeping the plain in our gallant might,
And the enemy curse for their fast to-night —
    The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
      The Regular Cavalree!

Dripping palm and tropic sun,
  (Remembered by you and me),
Riding the trails we learned to hate —

"Emergency Rations" ten days straight —
And the fever that cometh soon or late —
To the Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Pennsylvania Avenue,
The Great Man's escort we;
Polished and clanking and looking our best,
Cursing the work for a beastly pest;
The pride of the Nation are riding abreast —
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES*

MIGHTY scribes of inky prowess, mighty generals of the pen,
From your fortress desks ye've hurtled, 'gainst a splendid man of men,
All your quips and shafts of laughter, all your venom small and mean,
To amuse a certain public, slandering, but yet unseen.

When ye fed upon a bottle, when ye walked the city street,
When ye lived in ease and comfort, speeding pleasure's hours fleet,
When ye led the light cotillon, when ye ate three times a day,
When at dinner, ball and opera ye were fritting hours away,

He was fighting where the slaughter of a brothers' war ran high,
On those crimson fields of horror, 'neath a sunny southern sky.
He was chasing the Apache 'cross the choking khaki plain,
In the land of rock and sage-brush, alkali and little rain.

He — as the commanding general — in his later honored days,
Held the rank, but hampered ever — snub and censure — seldom praise.

* On his retirement.

Misdemeanor or dishonor at his door was never lain,
But ye dig your quills the deeper, shrieking, "Vain! Ambitious! Vain!"

Ask the brown and hardened trooper dating back to Wounded Knee,
Ask the old who fought in '60, ask the young across the sea.
They will answer, for they know him — tempered, tested, tried and true —
Honor to his flag and nation, and the blood-bathed army blue.

THE EX-SOLDIER'S TRIP BACK

FIVE thousand miles from the latest styles,
And the grind and the thumping roar,
And the lucre race and the thin-souled face,
And the lust of more and more.

Five thousand miles, where the shack-topped piles
Stand out in the open bay:
And the fish traps reach from the coral beacn
To the up-coast current's sway.

We'll go again to the sun and rain —
To the flood and the river drouth —
To the broken seas and the scented breeze —
And the Cross in the vaulted south.

In the darkened gloom of the jungle tomb,
Where the fern-crotched giants spread —
And the trailing vine and the branches twine
We'll waken the echoes dead.

We'll answer the screech of the parrot's speech —
And the ape in the highest limb;
As he swings in the air we scarcely care
To scorn or pity him.

We'll lie in the sift of the sandy drift
Where the beach is white and wide;
Stark naked there in the soothing air
By the wash of the pearl-flecked tide.

We'll laugh in ease as the tasseled trees
  Throw shadows across the sand —
We'll shout in glee to the dancing sea,
  And the hours out-of-hand.

We'll ride the trails when the sunset fails
  'Twixt the isles of the farther west;
And the clumped bamboo that the winds sift through
  As they lag from the highest crest.

We'll scent the must of the paddies' dust —
  (Remembering labors old) —
We'll feel the heat of the village street
  When the skies are copper-gold.

When the day is done we'll watch the sun
  Sink down in a gilded sea;
And the saffron sky fade out and die
  And the crimson embers flee.

While the lizards mock in the sultry dark
  From under the nipa eaves,
We'll laugh again with the homeless men,
  Ere the north-bound mail-boat leaves.

When the lights are low and the phosphor glow
  Is washing the outer piers —
We'll gaze afar o'er the wave-kissed bar,
  And dream of the distant years.

The former days and the former ways —
  And the strong and the weak we knew —
Each little thing the old sights bring
  With the soft Trades sifting through.

The last lights fail o'er the well-known trail:
  We'll see it all again
Through the crowding years of smiles and tears,
  The blue and the white-clothed men:

(The month-long chase of the island race
  That stab by dark and fly,
The running fight and the watching night
  And the shadows gliding by.)

The sough of the trees in the evening breeze —
  The distant tom-tom's beat —
The chill of the rain on the rice-soaked plain,
  And the stench of the village street.

We'll walk once more on the coral shore,
  'Neath the blaze of the copper skies:
We'll hear again the weird refrain
  Where the shack in the palm grove lies.

We'll live the ways of the yesterdays —
  Each sound and scent and sight:
Though cynics deride, we are satisfied
  Our choice is made aright.

MAJOR SOUR

IF any doubt this little tale,
Some several hundred men,
Ascattered through this lovely land
Will prove the writer's pen.

Once in the far-famed Philippines,
When war was sometimes rife,
There reigned an army officer,
Who dearly loved his life.

He held a little four-walled town,
And kept it neat and clean:
But when the soldiers hit the hills —
His Grace was seldom seen.

Now Major Sour was a man
Large-bellied, bold and grand;
With whiskers white and haughty mien
That spake, "I rule the land."

He regulated what should be
The market-price of fruit:
Which way the inside gate-guard faced
When making his salute.

(And let us pause to here remark,
With no equivocations,
His law upon the latter was
Opposed to "Regulations.")

He worried lest a Moro kid
  Should 'neath his jacket hold
A mango knife — or opium.
  For Chinos bad and bold.

He toadied to the Sultan
  Lest any harm draw near —
And bound poor little Jolo down
  From land-gates to the pier.

He fretted lest the weeds should grow
  Within the flowered park.
And had his vigilantes guard
  His doorsteps after dark.

And if a Moro, through the wall,
  Stood looking rather grim,
Three companies and gatlings twain
  Were straightway hurled at him.

But when the soldiers left the town,
  He kept behind a guard;
And trembling (for his army's fate),
  He paced Headquarter's yard.

. . . . . .

Oh Major Sour, when we stop
  To think of you — we're fain
To hold our splitting sides with mirth,
  And laugh and laugh again.

ARMY BEANS

YOU may dilly-dally knife and fork
In delicacies delicious,
And in pâté, duck and terrapin and know if they're right.
You may criticise — expostulate —
And fidget with your oysters,
While yearning dishes for a satiated appetite.

Army Beans? Oh *they're* vulgar —
Pos-i-tive-ly really common —
In fact they're *most* plebeian — if you hanker for the truth.
So very inexpensive,
And the recipe is simple;
For they bake and ship 'em 'round the world to feed the Great Uncouth.

Well, dicker with your "delicacies" —
Of course, you're welcome to 'em —
But sometimes when it seems to me I kind o' want a "feed":
I go and order army beans —
A soup-plate full and brimming —
And — if you think it dreadful — why you needn't look, indeed.

They're brown and plump and steaming —
They're luscious, large and lovely —
And the restaurant and waiters slowly melt and fade away:

And a hazy shadow's rising
Like a mirage on the ocean —
It's a palm grove gently bending o'er a coral-bitten bay.

And the flying-fish are flitting
In and out the rainbow waters,
And the beach is white and gleaming 'neath an empty purple sky:
And the tasseled fronds are droning
Through the endless end-world stillness,
'Till the night-wind's weary wailing wakes the tom-tom's deep reply.

'Till the yellow grass is rustling
With the feet of fifty horses —
'Till fifty weary troopers drop from fifty weary backs:
And fifty hungry, munching mouths,
(Just barring-out the sentries),
Are stuffed and crammed with army beans exuding from the cracks.

Yes — they've stood us rather handy
In the lurching transport galley:
Yes — they've stood us rather neatly — 'neath the fern-crotched jungle trees:
On mountain trail, in paddy vale,
And through the shack-rimmed alley;
In cholera camp and bivouac, where falls the fevered breeze.

They've sought the deepest crevices —
'Tween ribs we saw and counted:
Though vulgar, coarse and common they've backed us in a need:
And the flavor and the savor
Sort o' bring a funny quaver —
And I think as no one's looking — I'll sneak in a while and "feed."

BUGLES CALLING

UP above the roaring traffic —
  Where the caverns rise —
Shrill and piercing, clear and cutting,
  Through the smoky skies —
Bugles calling, bugles calling,
  Over land and sea —
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
  Bugles calling me.

Little men and little madness —
  Sordid greed and gain —
Till we hear the bugles leaping
  Down the asphalt lane:
Till the reeking towers vanish
  And the winds waft free,
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
  Bugles calling me.

Once again familiar faces
  Beckon o'er the ways;
Once again with stirrups touching
  Ride the yesterdays.
Olden friends and love and laughter —
  Proved sincerity. . . .
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
  Bugles calling me.

Once again the trails are burning
'Neath a tropic sun:
Once again the plains are baking
Where no rivers run:
Once again the old ambitions
Whisper longingly. . . .
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again the vine-choked jungle
'Bove the swollen stream —
Once again the silken rustle
Where the bamboos gleam:
Once again the snowy coral
Laughing by the sea. . . .
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again the running skirmish
'Neath the mid-day glare:
Once again the midnight mountains
When the fires flare:
Once again the careless columns
Laughing wearily. . . .
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

By the high-hoped days behind us —
By the years we knew —
By the heart-whole life they lent us,
Ringing fair and true. . . .

Bugles calling, bugles calling,
Over land and sea—
Bugles calling — calling — calling —
Bugles calling me.

HEROES

HERE and there and everywhere —
  Ever the story's told:
By pen and tongue their song is sung,
  As is your wont of old
Your wont is good — though ye forget
  The nameless manifold.

But the off-shore breeze of the silent seas
  Is whispering through the night;
And if you list to the tree-tops' tryst —
  And if you hear aright —
You'll learn again through the wind and rain
  The tale of the distant fight.

You'll know once more the cannons' roar
  And the flare of the long lean guns:
You'll watch them fall by the outer wall
  Where the red-choked river runs:
You'll see them die as the lines roar by —
  The bravest of our sons.

Go where the sage-brush dots the plain
  White-parched with alkali —
And the thin coyote and the tumbled rock
  And the burning copper sky —
To Apache and Comanche who
  Can show you where they lie.

Go skirt the East to the outer isles,
And the blaze of the fire-tree —
And the swaying palm and the coral beach
And the lift of the flame-streaked sea —
To where the bare bamboos stand guard
Through all eternity.

By rock-bound plain and heat-bound trail
And the stench of the paddies' mire;
By blizzard blast and blazing sun,
And the tropic's fevered fire —
Unmarked they lie beneath the sky,
To prove The Strong Desire.

AN EXILE

HE'S looking out across the bay
  Where the sunset fires fail —
He's staring far behind the hills
  Beyond the Outer Pale —
He's put his world behind him in
  The East-bound steamer's trail.

The fetid heat — the fetid life —
  The fetid fever too —
The long checked paddy stretches,
  And the quivering dome of blue —
The creeping carabao sledge,
  And the shacks of split bamboo.

He cannot tell the Occident
  The *feeling* of the East.
He can't describe the deathly calm
  When every wind has ceased
And the lizards crawl through the nipa wall
  To snatch their living feast.

He can't describe the stillness
  Of the endless tropic day.
He's 'most forgotten there's a land
  Where people really pray.
He only knows the brazen heat
  And the careless, calm dismay.

The parrots mock him overhead —
  The lizards 'neath the eave —
The fever calls him for her own —
  (*She* never will deceive) —
And the days are months and the months are years
  That scorn the last reprieve.

Then — if you have a soul at all —
  And if you ever Care —
And if you have a little time —
  (Which you can surely spare) —
For God's sake drop a letter to
  An exile over there.

THE MACHINE GUN

I'M watching how the gallant lines
  Come bravely forging forward:
I gurgle with the gunner filling breech and taking sight:
  And when the long flat fronts appear
  At just the proper distance,
They let me loose — and none go back to boast about the fight.

I'm spitting through the tropic gloom —
  The fever-laden stillness —
I hew the lean, swarth runners down behind the bare bamboo. . . .
  I strew them thick across the deck
  In reeking, writhing torture,
And stop the final struggles with an extra shot or two.

I'm landing with the first marines —
  They couldn't do without me —
I open up an alley from the water to the town.
  I clear the roofs and gates and walls —
  No hidden hole escapes me —
And then I take a breath and watch the Colors coming down.

I'm sweeping o'er the charging plain —
  The brave and young and careless —
I drop them gently over like the grass beneath the scythe. . .

I'm shrieking down the fighting-tops
To catch the hidden gunners,
For the demon blood is in me and I love to see them die.

I'm choking up the narrow pass —
The narrow pass before me —
Awhile the pallid peaks peer down in horror and dismay:
Leonidas and every band
In history or in story,
They could not hold the red defile as I have done to-day.

The loosened rock, the boomerang,
The sword and lance and arrow —
The dagger, pike and hand-grenade — the arquebus and gun —
I trace a lineage long and proud
That man has hewn for me —
And now I stand the Lord of War, blood-reeking 'neath the sun.

REGULAR AND MILITIAMAN*

THE MILITIAMAN SPEAKS

YOU'RE really most unpolished and
You seem a trifle tough;
Your ways are not the ways of us —
You're rather brief and bluff.
Your uniform is awfully plain —
Your campaign hat's a sight —
Your leggings they are washed until
You've bleached 'em nearly white.

And some of you tobacco chew!
And smoke and drink and swear!
And sit a horse or caisson just
As if you "didn't care."
You lack the really proper stride,
And cut and dress and style —
And seldom (but among yourselves)
You speak or joke or smile.

THE REGULAR ANSWERS

Yes Handsome Harry with your stride
And military air —
Your waving plume and corded coat,
And trousers pressed with care;

* It should be superfluous to add that a well drilled, well equipped, adequate Militia is, in the absence of a large standing army, a most necessary and valuable adjunct to a nation.

Your well-provisioned summer camp,
For ladies' lavish praise —
Or prancing aft a braying band
Adown the curb-stoned ways.

Perhaps we are a little tanned —
A little careless too —
Perhaps you've said a trifle that
Is really rather true;
But come with us and live with us,
And march and laugh and cry;
And joke with us and hate with us,
And fight and starve and die.

Come where the same low rolling plains,
The same old sky lines meet;
The same old rock and sage-brush hide
The same old gila's feet;
The same coyote's nerve-piercing note,
When the copper skies turn blue;
And the same parade and guard and drill,
The long long seasons through.

Come where beneath the dripping palms
The stinking marshes rise;
Across the trampled paddies 'neath
The burning tropic skies.
Beyond the farther ocean when
The lines of phosphor glow —
To where the pale and mighty Cross
Reflects the southern snow.

To where the careless combers o'er
The coral caverns roll;
To where the fetid fever burns
Your head and heart and soul.
To where the laws of God and man —
Of truth and faith and right —
Are churned with Asian guilt and guile,
Starvation, march and fight.

If you would up and go with us
Across the sunset sea —
If you would taste a bit of it
With careless, candid We;
If you would buckle-up with us
In mud and alkali —
You'd learn a *soldier's* answer, and —
You'd *know* the reasons why.

PART TWO

NEW VERSES

PEACE

THEY say, Oh Sphinx, you hold concealed
The secrets of the World,
Since first beside the Tigris' flood
The life of lives unfurled.
They say, Oh Sphinx, to give to man
Your word were blasphemy —
But I implore one splendid truth
Shall stand revealed to me.

Across Time's boundless horizon
I see the red-flamed skies —
I see the locked battalions
Of all the Nations rise;
I watch the wounded writhing —
I hear the cannons' roar —
And I ask you, Ever dawns the day
Man shall not go to war?

A hush fell o'er the desert,
Where it dipped into the sun
In endless undulations
Of gold and rose and dun.
A hush fell o'er the fertile green
Where swept the swelling Nile,
And slow the graven, haughty face
Lit with a languid smile.

The lips that through the centuries
  Had never deigned to speak,
Quivered a moment pityingly
  In honor to the weak.
The mouth that through the ages
  Had never uttered word,
Moved for a hesitating space
  And opened — and I heard.

"Little waif of a wanton world
  But a world of wondrous worth,
Go tell my secret West and East
  To the Men of all the Earth.
Go tell my tale from North to South
  Till Pole and Pole shall meet —
To the primal savage 'neath the palm
  And the one in the city street.

"When God Almighty cooled the Earth
  And saw the hardened crust,
He stooped Him down and raised Him up
  A little mound of dust.
And to that dust He lent His breath,
  And straightway it arose
Clay of the clay but bent alway
  In the mode that the Maker chose.

"Human it grew 'neath the Master's view —
  Human it learned and taught;
Human it climbed and human it fell,
  And — human it loved and fought.

Human it lived and human it died
And human it came again,
Begging a dole at the Sovereign's door —
And seldom it asked in vain.

"Human it felt the strength and need
Of welding friend and friend;
And forthwith mighty Nations rose —
As They will unto the end.
And human They grew 'neath the Master's view —
Units from units fraught —
And human They climbed and human They fell,
And — human They loved and fought.

"When the lights go out in the Pleiades —
When the Moon is a mound of snow;
When the desert blooms with the crimson rose
And the Nile has ceased to flow —
When the Pyramids fall stone and stone
And float to a waiting sea —
When God or man shall ever hear
Again the voice of me:

"When you have crushed the beating heart
And brain and pulse and soul —
When you have mangled love and truth,
And blotted out the whole;
When sightless, spineless, unicelled
Amœbas you become,
A waiting World will wake to greet —
The Great Millennium."

. . . . . .

Slowly the gray Mohakkam Hills
  Sank in their bed of green;
Slowly the western skies swept high,
  An amethyst tinted screen:
Slowly the broad Sahara waves
  Died in a blaze of gold —
And the terrible Sphinx rose sear and dark,
  Silent and grim and cold.

BOBS OF KANDAHAR

Field-marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.C.B., 1832–1914.

A FAR-FLUNG Empiry arose
By every known sea,
And east and west they stood and blest
And gave their best to thee:
Field-marshal, baronet and earl —
Love, Fortune, Cross and Star —
And when they finished — there you stood —
Just Bobs of Kandahar.

Your Sovereign and your Princes
They heaped their honors high —
Your People and your Soldiers gave
What gold can never buy.
The Potentates of all the Earth
They hailed you from afar —
And yet you lived and fought and died,
Just Bobs of Kandahar.

Too great to play the hero —
Too strong for human praise;
Your life was King and Country —
Your days were England's days.
In all your nation's galaxy
There shines no brighter star
Than where you rise resplendent —
Lord Bobs of Kandahar.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Concerning the proposed demolition of the infirm old clock tower on the west end of College Hall, University of Pennsylvania.*

THROUGH all the days of college days
We watched you towering stand —
Heart of the heart of the campus,
And lord of its hinterland.

Ringing your bell for our lazy feet —
Watching us come and go:
Knowing our deeds of victory —
Knowing our days of woe.

And when as Grads we came again
Memories to renew,
First in our thought, we paused to take
A look aloft at you.

At you who sentinel-like arose,
Majestic, loving, proud —
Above the trees and the traffic roar,
Wrapped in your leafy shroud.

Telling the time of the careless days
In weather fair and rain:
Bidding your Children face the sun
And bend to their tasks again.

* The tower is now down.

Heart of the heart of the campus,
  And an endless hinterland
Where — palm and pine — a farflung line
  Your loyal battalions stand.

And now they would come and tear you down —
  (Would they murder an ailing friend?)
And crumble and scatter you stone and stone
  And call it a fitting end.

Would they send for a surgeon and save the life
  Of love or kith or kin —
Or would they butcher the helpless form
  And whistle the jackals in?

Harry and change and rearrange —
  Demolish, plan and plot;
But Alma Mater's sacro-sanct —
  Oh Vandals — touch it not!

THE SONG OF THE SUBMARINE

THIS is the Song of the Submarine —
As it sinks with a surly dip —
This is the Song of the Submarine,
That darts where the currents dark careen
And buries its burrowing bolt unseen
In the bowels of the Battleship.

The giant leviathans lie moored —
The sky is blue and gold
Where whispering breezes languidly
The towering hulls enfold.

A shock — a gaping wound — a list —
Ye see nor whence nor why —
But as her fighting-tops go down,
Ye know full well, 'tis I.

The giant leviathans lie moored —
The sunset glow expires,
And the searchlights sweep and pause and leap
Like great auroral fires.

An armored cruiser rears her head,
Ashake from beam to beam —
And then I convoy her below
With all her lights agleam.

The giant leviathans plunge mad
  Across a storm-swept sea,
With every gun aglitter —
  But never an enemy.

Sudden the leaders rock and reel,
  And sink with a crashing cry;
And my little conning-tower lifts,
  And it laughs — " 'Tis I — 'tis I!

"Overlord of the ocean wave —
  Underlord of the deep;
Gliding where only the fishes glide
  And the bones of sailors sleep.

"Rising again in the sight of men —
  Choosing the Pride of the Sea —
And hurling it low with a hidden blow
  And a laugh of ghoulish glee."

This is the Song of the Submarine —
  As it sinks with a surly dip —
This is the Song of the Submarine,
That darts where the currents dark careen
And buries its burrowing bolt unseen
  In the bowels of the Battleship.

AFTER THE LONG DAY'S WORK

AFTER the long day's work is over —
  After the day is done,
Weary they rest from roil and labor,
  Down by the setting sun.

After the long day's work is over —
  After the day is done —
Slowly they count the bitter loss
  And victory *nearly* won.

Hopes of a lifetime torn and shattered —
  Fairest intent belied —
Striving again through sorrow and pain,
  Only to be denied.

The fields of stubble are brown and sear —
  The birds have gone to nest;
And the lights in the sky fade low and die
  Where blazed the golden west.

After the long day's work is over —
  After the day is done,
What will Ye give to Your weary children —
  Lord of the Setting Sun?

MATERIAL

I

SOME carbon hid in the hilt of the World
A million years ago,
Ere the cave-man came in his hairy might —
And the sabre-toothed tiger stalked in the night —
And the pterodactyl soared in the light
Of the primal afterglow.

The eons came — the eons passed —
Strata on strata crept:
And it came to the age of modern man,
Who delved in the earth with pick and pan,
And watched how the faint lined tracings ran
Till he came where the treasure slept.

And some was black and left a smudge
When the riven rock gave way.
And some were crystals rare and white,
That shone with a clear, resplendent light,
That mocked at the sun and blazoned the night
Till the night was turned to day.

II

Beyond the rim of the outermost star
Man may not dare to know,
A tiny flickering ray of red

Crept down through space with silent tread
And swept, an opalescent spread,
O'er all the Earth below.

And out of that mantle there arose
A Thing with the heart of Hell.
Whose hands reeked red with the reddest crime,
Whose soul was black as the foulest grime,
Whose thought was wrought in the stench and slime
Of the cesspool's gaping well.

And out of that selfsame mantle sprang
A Form exceeding rare —
With soul of honor and heart of gold,
And men they pointed and cried, "Behold,
Mayhap 'tis true God wrought of old
In His own image fair."

ALBERT OF BELGIUM

1915

DOWN inside the trenches
  Where the fallen leer —
Charging 'cross the stubble fields,
  Reeking, red and sear;
Even as the Bayard —
  "Without reproach and fear."

Where the risks rise greatest —
  Where the siege guns roar —
Where the giant howitzers
  Red destruction pour —
Where the vanguard plunges —
  Where the birdmen soar:

Where the shrieking shrapnel
  Bursts in shell and flame —
Where the mad machine-guns
  Take their toll of shame —
'Bove the carnage rises
  The glory of thy name.

Fighting 'mid your ruins —
  Backed against the sea —
Hand of iron and heart of gold,
  As a king should be —
Lord of a gallant Nation,
  And Prince of Chivalry.

THE SONG THE SEA FOG SANG

THIS is the song the gray fog sang,
When the bell buoy boomed with cloying clang
And the fog horn hoarsely howled in the fang
Of a seething, sightless sea.

"Ye've harnessed the deep with cable and ship,
Till ye sneer at the hurricane's breath —
Ye've delved in the earth and stolen its worth,
And your doctors laugh at Death.

"Ye've bridged the Continent coast to coast
With your engines of wondrous strength:
Where birds only dare ye've conquered the air
And ye've measured the Scorpion's length.

"Ye've gathered the thunderbolt out of the skies
And bidden it labor for you:
The hills of the Moon will be scaled very soon —
In a short generation or two?

"But when I come rolling in from the sea,
Clammy and sightless and gray —
A blank, endless pall, a menacing wall —
Blotting a World away —

"Where are the wonderful works of your hand?
Where is the enemy's fleet?
Do your ships at high noon fly straight as the loon,
Or crash on the reef's hidden feet?

"Do ye know where the berg rises wicked and white
  Awaiting the Queen of the Sea —
Cold, callous and stark and wrapped in the dark
  Enveloping mantle of me?

"Can search-light or lamp cut a swathe through the vamp
  Of my deep and unfathomable gloom?
Can siren or bell unfailingly tell,
  To spare you a terrible doom?

"Can Wisdom ye've won since the birth of the Sun
  Distinguish two lights — red and green —
When ship heads to ship and I silently dip
  And cover the waters between?"

This is the song the gray fog sang
When the bell buoy boomed with cloying clang
And the fog horn hoarsely howled in the fang
  Of a seething, sightless sea.

And the topmast cracked and the frozen rail
Split wide to the rocks and the driving gale;
And she settled and sank—and a Blinding Veil
  Swept slowly away to lee.

ONWARD PENNSYLVANIA!

University of Pennsylvania anthem to be sung to the tune of, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

ONWARD Pennsylvania,
Onward Red and Blue,
In defeat or victory,
Loyal thy Sons and True.
Though reverse o'erwhelm us,
Still our cry shall be —
Onward Pennsylvania,
On to Victory!

Onward Pennsylvania,
Onward Red and Blue,
As our Sires served Thee,
We Thy Children do.

Onward Pennsylvania,
Faithful to the Past —
Honor to the Present —
Glory to the Last.
Plant Thy royal traditions
Deep in us Thy seed —
To worship Right — to temper Might —
To serve the Nation's need.

Onward Pennsylvania —
Onward Red and Blue —
As Ye've given to us —
Grant we give to You.

Onward Pennsylvania,
'Mid our mighty cheers;
Lead us on to Triumph
Down the speeding years:
And though trials betray us,
Or through shot and flame,
Our ringing cry shall rend the sky —
"Play up, and play the game!"

Onward Pennsylvania,
Onward Red and Blue,
As Ye lead to Honor —
May we honor You.

Note.—The above poem was shown to several representative University of Pennsylvania men, alumni and undergraduates, and, meeting with their approval, was submitted to Provost Edgar F. Smith, who gave me his personal sanction to have it sung to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," and used as a Pennsylvania song, but a certain element, probably superabundantly enthused at just that moment by an acrobatic evangelist, placed a Puritanical veto on the verses, as being highly sacrilegious, because intended to be sung to the tune of a hymn.

As that grand old air has an impressive, sonorous cadence, and since this poem was intended to be written in a serious, intensive strain, more as an inspiring anthem than as a mere song, it can readily be seen I intended absolutely no disrupting of religious feeling, but upon being informed of the unfortunate contretemps, I immediately withdrew the entire matter, which was obviously and indubitably inconsequential to me, even had not the peculiar peregrinations of certain sanctimonious cerebral processes been palpably and irrefragably ametabolic.

FAME

A CHILD was digging in the sand
Where the beach swept smooth and wide;
And he gazed with mystic longing
O'er the roll of the restless tide.
And he said, "I'll build a castle —
With turret and battlement —
And dungeon and keep all black and deep
Where captured knights are sent.

"And I'll throw my royal banner
To the winds of land and sea,
That they who come may pause and gaze
And learn to honor me.
And I'll carve my name in the clinging sand —
Deep and strong and bold —
That all the Earth shall know my worth
When passing, they behold."

He built his castle high and fair —
He cast his banner free —
And he wrote his name in letters large
That laughed to the laughing sea.
And he called the children far and near,
And they gazed with gaping eye,
And they bowed to his fame and his splendid name
And his works that *couldn't* die.

Night passed. The children came again
With shout and laugh of glee;
And a smooth blank beach ran out to meet
A swaying, leaden sea.

THE GRAND CANYON

THE level lowlands open —
  Dim lined the chasms yawn —
And a sunken mountain range rears up
  To greet the growing dawn.

A wonderful, chiseled Spiritland
  Carved by the hand of Time:
A riot of gold and crimson —
  Ultimate — vast — sublime.

Terraces, peaks and pyramids —
  Amber and red and dun;
Wrapped in the woof of a violet haze —
  And washed by the setting sun.

Hindu temple and Buddhist shrine
  In the moonbeam's mystic light —
Stretching away in dim array
  To the stars of the desert night —

And your soul is a child-like wonder —
  And your heart is a great content —
As you gaze o'er th' sculptured message
  A Master-craftsman sent.

Sent for a far-flung people —
  For a wondering World to see —
A fairy land, a land o' dreams,
  In rainbow pageantry.

THE KING'S JESTER

THE King stood 'neath the royal oak
  In the moist of a new spring day,
And he bent him down to the pungent earth
  And he took him a clod of clay;

And he meshed it long and tenderly
  As he gazed o'er hill and plain,
And he turned and beckoned his Councillors
  Unto his side again.

High browed Honor with fixèd gaze —
  And Virtue in robes of white —
And Love with a lyric half unguessed —
  And Valor armed to fight —

With thoughtful eye They passed him by,
  But halted on their way,
To grant a benediction
  Upon the Master's clay.

. . . . . .

At last he called the Royal Fool
  With cap and bells and wand,
And the King he scowled at his Jester —
  For of him he was overfond.

And he bade him look on the clotted mass —
  Lifeless and limp and gray —
And the Jester spoke to the soulless thing
  With a laugh that was light and gay —

"When the storm clouds gather above the hills —
  When the waves are white and high —
When blank despair creeps from his lair
  And will not pass you by:

"When fear and hate halt at your gate
  And knock to enter in —
When want and woe and wily foe
  Would drag you to your sin:

"When swerveless Honor leads you,
  And you may not digress;
And the path is steep and stony
  And mocks at your duress —

"Each stinging step I'll greet you
  Though all the World deride —
By all the depths ye fathom
  I'll follow at your side.

"Though dire defeat enfolds you
  And the wound shows wide and red,
I'll stoop and bathe the fetid flesh —
  I'll soothe the weary head —

"I'll tinkle my bells in your tired ears
  As a breath of Spring to the brain,
As the scent of clover and new-wet pine
  Sweeping an arid plain:

"And ye rise again with a laugh on the lips
  From blows and counter-blows —"
He paused . . . and the King stretched forth his hand,
  And the quivering clay arose.

IN MEMORIAM

The Wreck of the "Titanic," April 15, 1912.

I

THEY put the women in the boats —
  They said a last good-bye.
The great Ship stood upon her end
  And plunged with a piercing cry
And her priceless freight to demonstrate
  How gentlemen can die.

II

"How great, how very great is God —
  How small and weak are we:"
Went up the wail when they heard the tale
  Of the toll of the ice at sea.

III

"How great, how very great is Man —
  Who gives his life as these:"
And He lifted the souls of a thousand Saints
  From the grasp of the jealous seas.

Wild waves and horses' manes
  Blotting out the sky —
Gray fog and grayer bergs
  Drifting slowly by;
But never a stone in the Great Alone,
  Out there where the chosen lie.

THE ETERNAL SEA

THEY came to me from their snow-capped hill,
  Their valley and fertile plain —
From their cities' glare and their woodlands fair,
  Again and yet again.

Down through the countless centuries,
  From Carthage, Rome and Tyre,
From bight and bay of far Cathay
  And Bengal's ports afire —

From Albion's cliff-enshadowed town —
  From the South Sea fisher shack,
Ever they came at my mystic name,
  And seldom turned they back.

My far-swept, swaying bosom
  Brought peace to their weary gaze:
My leaden roll to the broken soul
  Drowned out the shotted days.

My dancing spray reflected
  The radiant rainbow's path;
My saffron spume across the gloom
  Hurled back the Storm King's wrath.

Capricious, vain, resplendent —
  Vast, treacherous but adored —
By mood and mood my loyal brood
  Acknowledge me their lord.

I cast my benediction —
  The psalm of the singing sea,
And to the strand of No Man's Land
  My brave bairns sail with me.

The dripping fog-wind whimpers
  Across each fevered brow,
And I bid them learn to leave the stern
  And face the plunging prow.

I bid them leave the rudder's wake —
  And the wrecks of the yesteryears;
I bid them gaze through the opal haze
  Where the bow spray lifts and veers.

In the gleam of the golden sunrise —
  In the welt of the sunset's red —
In the middle night by the moonbeam's light
  Majestically I spread,

Calling my wayward children —
  Laughing, loving, free:
Crooning my lay by night and day —
  The Song of the beckoning Sea.

Rise I in might and anger —
  Smite them and fling them far,
But ever more on the white lee shore
  They press to my foam-lashed bar.

By funnel and mast and blinding blast
They worship at my shrine.
By wind and wave my storm-spent brave
Have proved their love and mine.

In hollowed log, in rotten hull,
In swaying caravel —
In frames of steel, for woe and weal,
They strove beneath my spell.

Honor I brought their Captains —
Where swept the fighting line:
Treasure I wrought for those that sought
O'er the unmarked paths of mine.

Inspiration I showed my sons,
Where the wet, salt winds are blown;
And peace I gave 'neath the wanton wave
When hope and faith had flown.

Cruel my mockers brand me —
Terrible in my might;
But I hold my sway till the Judgment Day —
And the King shall judge aright.

Sepulchre of the Ages,
Eternal, endless, vast;
Linking unseen the years between
The present and the past.

Lord High Keeper of life and love
And death and mystery;
Father-confessor stern and kind —
To my Children of the Sea.

PART THREE

OTHER VERSES

SHAH JEHAN

BUILDER OF THE TAJ MAHAL

THEY have carried my couch to the window
  Up over the river high,
That a Great Mogul may have his wish
  Ere he lay him down to die.

And the wish was ever this, and is,
  Ere the last least shadows flee,
To gaze at the end o'er the river's bend
  On the shrine that I raised for thee.

And the plans I wrought from the plans they brought,
  And I watched it slowly rise,
A vision of snow forever aglow
  In the blue of the northern skies.

For I built it of purest marble,
  That all the World might see
The depth of thy matchless beauty,
  And the light that ye were to me.

The silver Jumna broadens —
  The day is growing dark,
And only the peacock's calling
  Comes over the rose-rimmed park.

And soon thy sunset marble
  Will glow as the amethyst,
And moonlit skies shall make thee rise
  A vision of pearly mist.

A vision of light and wonder
  For the hordes in the covered wains,
From the snow-peaked north where the tides burst forth
  To the Ghauts and the Rajput plains.

From the sapphire lakes in the Kashmir hills,
  Whence crystal rivers rise,
To the jungles where the tiger's lair
  Lies bare to the Deccan skies.

And the proud Mahratta chieftains
  And the Afghan lords shall see
The tender gleam of thy living dream,
  Through all Eternity.

The black is bending lower —
  Ah wife — the day-star nears —
And I see you come with calling arms
  As ye came in the yesteryears.

And the joy is mine that ne'er was mine
  By Palace and Peacock Throne —
By marble and gold where the World grows cold
  In the seed that It has sown.

More bright than the Rajputana stars
  Thine eyes shone out to me —
More gay thy laugh than the rainbow chaff
  That lifts from the Southern Sea.

More fair thy hair than any silk
  In Delhi's proud bazaars —
More true thy heart than the tulwar's start —
  Blood-wet in a hundred wars.

More red thy lips than the Flaming Trees
  That brighten the Punjab plains —
More soft thy tread than the winds that spread
  The last of the summer rains.

No blush of the dawning heavens —
  No rose by the garden wall,
May ever seek to match thy cheek —
  Oh fairest rose of all.

Above the bending river
  The midday sun is gone,
But the glow of thy tomb dispels the gloom
  Where doubting shadows yawn.

And the glow of thy tomb shall break the gloom
  Through the march of the marching years,
Where, builded and bound from the dome to the ground
  It was wrought of a monarch's tears.

The silver Jumna broadens
  Like a moonlit summer sea,
But bank and bower and town and tower
  Have bidden farewell to me:

And only the tall white minarets,
  And the matchless dome shine through —
The silver Jumna broadens and —
  It bears me — love — to you.

THE OMNIPOTENT

THE Lord looked down on the nether Earth
He had made so fair and green,
Fertile valleys and snow-capped hills
And the oceans that lie between.

The Lord looked down on Man and Maid,
Through the birth of the crystal air:
And the Lord leaned back in His well-earned rest —
And He knew that the sight was fair.

The eons crept and the eons swept
And His children multiplied,
And ever they lived in simple faith,
And in simple faith they died.

They blessed the earth that gave them birth —
They wept to the midnight star —
And they stood in awe where the tides off-shore
Rose leaping across the bar.

They blessed the earth that gave them birth —
But past all time and tide,
They blessed their Lord-Creator —
Nor knew Him mystified.

They came and went — the little men —
The men of a primal breed —
And the Lord He gathered them as they lived,
Each in his simple creed.

And the Lord He gathered them as they came —
  Ere the Earth had time to cool
And the horde of Cain had clouted the brain
  'Neath the lash of a monstrous school.

II

The Lord looked down on the nether Earth
  He had made so fair and green —
Fertile valleys and snow-capped hills
  And the oceans that lie between.

And He saw the strife of the thousand sects —
  And ever anew they came —
Torture and farce and infamy
  Committed in His name.

Figure and form and fetich —
  Councils of hate and greed —
Prophet on prophet warring,
  Each to his separate need.

Symbol and sign and surplice
  And ostentatious prayer,
And the hollow mock of the chanceled dark
  Flung back in the raftered air.

. . . . . .

And the Lord He gazèd wistfully
  Through the track of a falling star;
And He turned His sight from the homes of men,
  Where the ranting schisms are.

THE OUTBOUND TRAIL

THE Outbound Trail — The Outbound Trail —
We hear it calling still:
Coralline bight where the waves churn white —
Ocean and plain and hill:
Jungle and palm — where the starlit calm
The Wanderer's loves fulfill.

Where the bleak, black blizzards blinding sweep
Across the crumpled floe,
And the Living Light makes white the night
Above the boundless snow,
And the sentinel penguins watch the waste
Where the whale and the walrus go:

Where the phosphor fires flash and flare
Along the bellowing bow,
And the soft salt breeze of the Southern Seas
Is sifting across the prow,
And the glittering Cross in the blue-black sky,
The Watcher of Then and Now:

We'll lift again the lineless plain
Where the deep-cut rivers run —
And the pallid peaks as the eagle seeks
His crag when the day is done:
And the rose-red glaciers glance and gleam
In the glow of the setting sun.

We'll go once more to a farther shore —
  We'll track the outbound trail;
Harbor and hill where the World stands still —
  Where the strange-rigged fishers sail —
And only the tune of the tasseled fronds,
  Like the moan of a distant gale.

We'll tramp anew the jungle through
  Where ferned Pitcairnias rise,
And the softly fanned Tjemaras stand
  Green lace against the skies,
And the last red ray of the tropic day
  Flickers and flares and dies.

Across the full-swung, shifting seas
  There comes a beck'ing gleam,
Strong as the iron hand of Fate —
  Sweet as a lover's dream.
What can bind us — what can keep us —
  Who shall tell us nay?
When the Outbound Trail is calling us —
  Is calling us away.

THE FOOL

IN the first gray dawn of history
A Paleolithic man
Observed an irate mammoth —
Observed how his neighbors ran:
And he sat on a naked boulder
Where the plains stretched out to the sun,
And jowl in hand he frowned and planned
As none before had done.

Next day his neighbors passed him,
And still he sat and thought,
And the next day and the next day,
But never a deed was wrought.
Till the fifth sun saw him flaking
Some flint where the rocks fall free —
And the sixth sun saw him shaping
A shaft from a fallen tree.

Enak and Oonak and Anak
And their children and kith and kin,
They paused where they watched him working
And they smiled and they raised the chin,
And they tapped their foreheads knowingly —
As you and I have done —
But he — he had never a moment
To mark their mocking fun.

And Enak passed on to bury
His brother the mammoth slew
And Oonak, to stay his starving, .
With his fingers grubbed anew.
And Anak, he thought of his tender spouse
An ichthyosaurus ate —
Because in seeking the nearest tree
She had reached it just too late.

. . . . . .

Around the Council fire,
More beast and ape than man,
The hairy hosts assembled,
And their talk to the crazed one ran.
And they said, "It is best that we kill him
Ere he strangle us in the night,
Or brings on our head the curse of the dead
When the thundering heavens light.

"It is best that we rid our caverns
Of neighbors such as these —
It is best — " but the Council shuddered
At the rustle of parting leaves.
Out of the primal forest
Straight to their midst he strode —
Weathered and gaunt — but they gave no taunt —
As he flung to the ground his load.

They eyed them with suspicion —
The long smooth shafts and lean:
They felt of the thong-bound flint barbs —
They saw that the work was clean.

Like children with a plaything,
When first it is understood,
They leapt to their feet and hurled them —
And they knew that the act was good.

They pictured the mighty mammoth
As the hurtling spear shafts sank,
They pictured the unsuspecting game
Down by the river's bank;
They pictured their safe-defended homes —
They pictured the fallen foe. . . .
And the Fool they led to the highest seat,
Where the Council fires glow.

THE SHIPS

THE White Ship lifts the horizon —
  The masts are shot with gold —
And I know by the shining canvas
  The cargo in the hold.

And now they've warped and fastened her,
  Where I impatient wait —
To find a hollow mockery,
  Or a rank and rotted freight.

. . . . . .

The Black Ship shows against the storm —
  Her hull is low and lean —
And a flag of gore at the stern and fore,
  And the skull and bones between.

I shun the wharf where she bears down
  And her desperate crew make fast,
But manifold from the darkest hold
  Come forth my dreams at last.

The White Ships and the Black Ships
  They loom across the sea —
But I may not know until they dock —
  The wares they bring to me.

THE FIRST POET

IN the days of prose ere a bard arose
There came from a Northern Land,
A man with tales of the spouting whales
And the Lights that the ice-winds fanned.

And they sat them 'round on the barren ground,
And they clicked their spears to the time,
And they lingered each on the golden speech
Of the man with the words that rhyme.

With the words that rhyme like the rolling chime
Of the tread of the rhythmic sea,
And silent they listened with eyes that glistened
In savage ecstasy.

Over the plain as a pall was lain
The hand of the primal heart,
Till slowly there rose through the rock-bound close
The first faint glimmering Start.

As a ray of light in the storm-lashed night,
O'er the virgin forests swept
From the star-staked sea the Symbols Three —
And the cave-men softly wept.

Softly wept as slowly crept
To the depth of the savage brain,
Honor, forsooth, and Faith and Truth —
And they rose from the rock-rimmed plain —

And in twos and threes 'neath the mammoth trees
They whispered as children do:
And the Great World sprang from the Bard who sang,
And the First of the Men who Knew.

THE TEST

THE Lord He scanned His children,
  His good, well-meaning children,
And He murmured as He saw them
  Where they came and paused and passed;
" I will drag them I will drive them
  Through the fourfold Hells of Torture,
And — I will test the product
  That comes back to me at last."

His children came — His children paused —
  His children slowly passed Him —
And for the sweat upon the brow
  And scar upon the cheek,
He heaped the burdens higher —
  He cut and smote and lashed them —
And as they swayed and tottered
  He hurled them spent and weak.

They cast an eye, a gleaming eye,
  Above to where they sought Him —
But blank the empty skies gave back,
  And blank the heavens stared.
And even they with riven heart,
  Who strove to hide the hiding,
He drove the scalpel deeper,
  That the inmost core lay bared.

At last He took the Test-Tubes
  And the Acids of the Ages,
And he lit the Mighty Forges
  With the Fires of the Years,
And He turned and smote and hammered,
  And He poured and paused and pondered,
Till a clear precipitate formed 'neath
  A residue of tears.

Across the outer spaces —
  Beyond the last least sun-path,
He called them gently homeward
  And He murmured as they passed,
"I have driven ye and dragged ye
  Through the fourfold Hells of Torture,
And — I will keep the product
  That comes back to me at last."

THE PORT O' LOST DELIGHT

SOME call it Fame or Honor —
Some call it Love or Power —
Whence running rails and bellied sails
The four-banked galleons tower.
To each the separate vision —
To each the guiding light —
Where, 'bove the dim horizon lifts
The Port o' Lost Delight.

'Mid mighty cheers and the hope of years
They swung the good Ship free,
And with laughter brave she took the wave
Of the wonderful, whispering sea.

Over the scud of the white-capped flood —
Over the strong, young days —
Over the lift of the chaff-churned drift
And the mist of the moonlit haze —

Running the lights o' the Ports-o'-Call,
Where the beckoning beacons shine;
But she passed them by with callous eye,
Nor saw the luring sign.

Piercing the glow of the ocean's dawn,
As slow the seas unfold;
Scudding again across the plain
Of rippling, sunset gold.

Joyous and fair in the brine-wet air,
  Where the phosphor bow-wave slips,
And the Wraiths of the Deep their secrets keep
  Of the tale o' the passing ships.

II

Till there lifted a wondrous Haven
  Across the swinging main,
As ne'er before had lifted —
  Nor e'er might lift again.

Clear it shone, each gleaming stone,
  Mystic, white and far,
Castle and tree above the sea
  Where the lilac combers are.

And over all there came a call,
  As a Siren's soft refrain —
Nor ever a helm to guide her,
  The Good Ship turned again.

Swift o'er the back-set breakers
  She plunged against the wind,
And never a look to left or right,
  And never a thought behind:

Swinging, swaying, singing,
  With all her canvas spread,
And bending spars and laughter
  She fast and faster sped.

A little space — a little space —
  A little nearer, then —
The Haven sank in the sunset sea,
  And the sea was a waste again.

III

As the quivering stag at the bullet's sting,
  Who knew not harm was nigh,
So shook the Ship by seam and seam
  In the death that may not die.

And though it sailed o'er every wave,
  By reef and barrier bar,
'Neath the glare of the South Seas' scorching sun
  And the gleam of the lone North Star.

Though it lifted the lights o' the Ports-o'-Call,
  By green and crimson beam,
It never lifted the Light again —
  The Light that fled as a dream.

Over a blue-black endless sea —
  Over a timeless void —
Callous and careless plunged the Ship
  That never a storm destroyed.

Skimming the foaming coral reef —
  Daring the mid-deep wind —
Clipping the roar of the white lee shore
  Where the Gods of Chance run blind.

Full belly sail before the gale —
  With scuppers churning green —
And eyes set dead in a figure-head
  That dipped in the troughs between:

That rose and fell and cut the swell —
  Or knew the day or night;
That rose and fell to the soundless bell
  Of the Port o' Lost Delight.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O'ER the rock of all eternal —
  Over sacred soil ye've trod;
Whither king and priest and people
  Make their mockery of God.

Like the rolling of an organ
  Down the mighty nave of Time,
In the hush of Things Supernal
  Ye have sung of Things Sublime.

Living lilt beyond the starlight —
  Living light beyond the spheres —
With a calm majestic cadence
  Came the call of all the years.

As a pause across the storm-path —
  As the swaying starlit sea —
As the faith of little children —
  Ye have writ *ETERNITY.*

KING BAMBOO

A BALLAD OF THE EAST INDIES

I BUILD them boats and houses —
I check their mountain roads —
I bear their double burdens —
The squeaking, creaking loads.
Adown the broken hill-sides
My long, high pipings run,
To bring their water to them
Adripping 'neath the sun.

And when from spring and river
The weary climbers strain,
'Tis I who hold the nectar
To bring them life again.
I am the quivering bridges
That span the deep ravine —
I am the matted fences
That twist and wind between.

When ye sing of the lace Tjemara tree —
When ye speak of the swaying Palm —
When ye talk of the ferned Pitcairnia,
And the monkey's wild alarm:
When ye tell of the blazing sunsets —
When ye know ye are nearly through —
Bend ye a knee to a Sovereign Lord —
As my flat-nosed children do.

MUSIC

'TWIXT God and Man a closer span,
  Half human half divine:
The lilt that lies beyond the skies
  To lift us o'er the Line.
Both last and first to quench the thirst
  With long forsaken thought;
And lure us there in higher air,
  Where noble deeds are wrought.

To buoy youth with stronger truth,
  And large ambition's fire:
To help the weak repentance seek,
  And strengthen good desire:
To bring us back o'er trail and track,
  O'er mountain, gulf and sea,
The mellow haze of other days
  Now lost to you and me.

JOGGINS

NOW Joggins wrought a wondrous scheme
  Most perfect, wise and great—
To transport logs by the open sea,
  South-bound and scorning freight.

So log by log and chain by chain
  He lashed the timbers tight,
And Nova Scotia bade God-speed
  As it cleared the farthest light.

And Joggins watched the vast beast bend
  On the tops of the tipsy sea,
And Joggins heard the crunching roar
  Like giants in agony.

And through the long black endless nights
  He saw it sink and rise;
He saw it roll on the smooth-backed swell
  Or lash 'neath the storm-swept skies.

He saw it crumple and straighten back,
  And rush and jam again;
And he *felt* the laugh from the distant shore —
  The scorn of his fellowmen.

But the many-bodied monster held
  'Neath the curb of the crackling chain,
And the distant port was sighted now,
  The sunshine after rain.

When, the sea rose high in its ancient might —
  As the sea is wont to do —
And it watched the jam roll snug and tight
  For the harbor headed true:

And the sea in anger snapped the chains
  And flung the great logs wide —
And the world derisive, laughed again —
  It laughed — and Joggins cried.

. . . . . .

They hammered around the beetling Horn
  In the teeth of the polar hail —
They drifted along by the ice-bound coast
  In the shriek of the frozen gale.

Slowly but sure as the days endure
  They crept to the tropic calm;
They lolled and rolled in the gold-streaked sea
  By the fire-tree and palm.

They buckled back on a sightless track
  Past Behring's lonely grave —
They prodded and rammed in the coast-wise drift
  Where the North Lights leap and wave.

They turned again by the Spanish Main
  And the isles of hidden gold;
They ran the Pillars of Hercules
  To the lands that were of old.

They weathered the cape of the chattering ape —
  They weathered the ice-bound floe —
And the upright penguin looked askance,
  Surprised to see them go.

By Dipper and Cross and never a loss
  They rolled with the ocean breeze —
By the Four Great Points they swept around
  On the breast of the far-flung seas.

Till a message flashed — "Note ye the place
  That a log is seen of you:"
And mariners marked the time and clime,
  As they were told to do.

And scholars scanned the rude reports
  Astreak with dirt and oil —
And lastly learned a lesson as
  Reward of patient toil.

And they made a map of the mighty seas,
  And stretched from shore to shore
They drew mysterious arrowed lines,
  (Where nought had been before).

That stole around by the Arctic night,
  And down to the coral strand;
That swept again o'er the open main —
  Uniting land and land.

That weathered the cape of the chattering ape —
  That weathered the ice-bound floe —
And the upright penguin looked askance —
  But *failed* to see them go.

. . . . . .

So ships that haste from shore to shore,
  Pursue the hidden tide;
And the world derisive laughs no more —
  That laughed — when Joggins cried.

For ships that haste from shore to shore,
  They follow the arrows' straint:
And Joggins a human failure —
  Is Joggins a patron saint.

AROLAS AT JOLO

(A TRUE TALE)

HATED by those in power high,
In the land that gave me birth,
They hunted the countries of East and West
For the vilest hole on earth.

They could not kill me there and then,
Without the large offence,
So they sought for the sickliest spot they knew,
And quickly sent me thence.

Then in Madrid they laughed and sneered,
And wagered their plundered gold,
On the number of months or weeks or days
From the fever's grip I'd hold.

And it grew to a joke on the laughing lips
Of the dukes and the high grandees,
Of the new command the king had found
For me in the phosphor seas.

Far down in the south of the Philippines,
On the coast of a fevered isle,
In the midst of the stench of a jungle-swamp,
In the heart of the tropic's bile:

In the land of the Moro and pirate and snake,
And the glare of the scorching sky,
They stationed Arolas, a general of Spain,
With a handful of men — to die.

So we fought the fanatics who came from the hills,
And the pirates who came from the seas;
Then we turned on our last and our deadliest foe,
The fever that came on the breeze.

Sick'ning and toiling, we drained and filled,
Till acres of marsh turned land:
And the fever that reigned in the reeking place
Was choked with an iron hand.

Then we builded a wall with the bricks they sent,
And pieces of coral rock;
The better our dwindled band to guard
Against the Mohammedan flock.

Within the loop-holed walls we laid
Streets — shaded, graded, broad:
Cuartel and plaza — flowered parks —
Fit town for any lord.

Block-houses, light-house, waterworks:
Ten fathoms off the pier;
And virgin soil in the shaded vales,
And pearls in the waters near.

The weeks rolled by, and the months rolled by,
And the seasons slowly spent;
But never a word of me or mine,
On the home-bound mail-boat went.

Madrid perplexed, Manila-ward
Sent message o'er the sea —
"Arolas stationed to the South —
What news of him have ye?"

Then from Manila down they came,
Gold-laced, officious, grand;
Wide-mouthed they gazed on street and park,
Wall, light-house, sea and land.

Well-ordered, cool, clean, healthy, strong —
They saw my place aright —
And in my gaunt and weathered face,
They read the fearful fight.

. . . . . .

To-day I bowed before my King —
(The Nobles bowed to me) —
And Spain exultantly extols
My name from sea to sea.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

MAY the joys of Christmas bring
To your heart eternal Spring,
Though the ground is white and frozen where the flakes of winter fly. . . .
And adown the checkered years —
If betimes a shadow rears —
May your Yuletide glimmer brightly through the crimson-dawning sky.

THE EMPIRE CITIES

THESE are the songs we proudly sing — the Empire cities eight —
For we stand for a land, broad, fertile, grand; and rich and strong and great.

NEW YORK.

I cast my eyes to eastward, and the sea gives up its store;
I cast my eyes to westward where the mill and railroad roar,
And the riches of the Eastland and the treasures of the West,
I pour across the stormy seas to nations lesser blest.
And where spires and forty-story buildings bite the morning sky,
My thirty nations love and fight and live and toil and die.

PHILADELPHIA.

I claim no thirty nations — I boast no violent strife —
And they taunt me for my slowness and my steady, quiet life,
But rich and poor and great and small, however far they roam,
They cherish me and love me — for all that meaneth Home.
And the loom and lathe and hammer turn and pound the livelong day,
And a solid prosperous present blends with glorious mem'ries gray.

WASHINGTON.

I hold the nation's destiny, I hold the people's fate,
My mandates bind from old Cape Cod 'cross to the Golden Gate,
And the mightiest nations of the earth beyond the purple sea,
Their jeweled and ribboned ministers they eager send to me.
And prince and king and emperor in fear or dread or hate,
On word or ultimatum mine must patiently await.

CHICAGO.

The way unto the heartstrings of the animal called Man
Is through his stomach — thus the very ancient proverb ran.
So if any city of the earth deserves more love than I,
It must be where the manna falls in showers from the sky.
Duluth to Buffalo my ships sail o'er the saltless seas,
And railroads sending food, bring gold, and give my people ease.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Like Rome of old, on rugged hills, I sit in majesty,
And from my mighty cliffs look out across a sunset sea,
And the riches of the Orient, silk, tea, pearl, jade and spice,
Must enter through my Golden Gate, your cultured to suffice.
And hidden batt'ries 'mong my cliffs inspect the western sky,
For I watch the Asian millions with an ever wakeful eye.

HONOLULU.

The jewel of the Orient where the lava hot is hurled,
I'm famed abroad the beauteous garden spot of all the world.
Two thousand miles to eastward lies my mother country great,
And to her I join the Philippines and watch the islands' fate.
And the splendors of the Orient and glories of the West,
Commingling with the flag I float, ordain me triply blest.

SITKA.

I guard the northern waters, I gather hide and fur,
I watch the poachers off the coast, and catch them should they err.
And the gleaming of the Northern Lights above the frozen sea,
Their dazzling scintillating flames are flashing far and free.
The nations send their best and worst to me to gather gold;
And the snowy passes grimly grasp their victims manifold.

MANILA.

Your farthest sentinel — I stand upon the Asian coast,
Headquarters for your Eastern trade and valiant khaki host;
And thirty miles across the bay beyond Corregidor
The ever troubled China Sea is lapping China's shore.
And Cebu hemp and Jolo pearls, Luzon tobacco too,
I ship to east and westward, and swell your revenue.

This is the chorus where we join hands 'cross the land and sea,
For the fame we sing is a lasting thing, and helpeth you and me.

THE HEART OF THE ROVER

THEY'RE sniffing the brine of the ocean —
They're smelling the dust of the plain —
They're living the days of the wanderer,
Over and over again.
The lights of the tropic sunset —
The dusk of the ice-bound floes —
Are drifting anew — the seasons through —
When the heart of the rover goes.

The song of a bird in the maple —
The silver of wind-turned leaves —
The new-wet pine or clover —
The drone of the swarming bees —
A sight — a scent — a something —
Brings back o'er plain and sea,
To the heart of the one-time rover,
The Days of Used-to-be.

Were they days of joy and pleasure?
Were they days of fast and drouth?
Were they spent by the palm-topped coral —
Or the drifts of the Cross-crowned south?
Were they years of haughty exile?
Were they years of bitter need?
Of warring or vindication?
Of avarice? Honor? Greed?

They were spent — that's all. They've faded
  As the silent seasons roll;
But things to others meaningless
  Are filling the rover's soul.
A sight — a scent — a something —
  And over the crested seas —
For weal or woe or sun or snow —
  The heart of the rover flees.

TO A COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP

WHEN the college days are over —
When the thoughtless days are done —
When we hit the different trails o'er land and sea:
When the deeper lines are growing —
'Neath the shaded lamp or sun —
When we wash the second buoy hard alee.

When we grip the straining tiller —
When we grate the sunken reef —
When the lights we thought would lead us fade and fail:
When the somber skies are sinking,
And the crested combers seethe —
And the scorning voices mock us through the gale.

When the summer turns to autumn,
And the first faint frost appears —
Just a tinge of scattered gray ahere and there:
When we round the homeward buoy,
Toward the Port of All the Years —
And we hear the rock-perched sirens call "Beware!"

When we're beating in the Harbor —
Scuppers down beneath the foam —
With our sails a little weather-worn and frayed:
We will cast a golden blessing —
In the gathering of the gloam —
O'er the distant days of loyal friendship made.

THE SONG OF ASIA

NORTHWARD, southward, eastward, westward — frozen
cape and boiling sea;
Tinted ocean, jeweled islands, west to Urals bold and free.
Standing for the oldest nations, standing for the oldest gods;
For those Oriental monarchs ruling realms with iron rods.

Where the Yellow River broadens, where the Gobi sand-
storms drive,
Where the Lama rules in Lhassa, where the ochre millions
thrive,
I have watched the Dragon Monarchs in their stern and
subtile might,
Conquer from the Irawaddy northward to the Arctic night.

Where the mighty steppes are leading down to Iran's sandy
plain,
Gorgeous Persian king and satrap once did conquer, love and
reign.
Where the great twin rivers windeth through the cradle of
the World,
To the Macedon and Roman culture's banner I unfurled.

Gems of Ind and silks of China, Persian rug and Arab gold,
Splendor, History and Tradition all in me you may behold.
Tyre and Sidon planting cities — jewels upon the purple
seas —
Sending gorgeous goods of mine that Rome might have her
luxuries.

Where the Tigris and Euphrates meet and singly seaward flow,
I have watched the greatest cities of the whole world rise and grow —
Babylon the proud and splendid — Ninevah the old and grand —
Empire cities wielding power over mountain, sea and land.

Samarcand who knew the glory of the mighty Tartar lords,
Holding by a bloody prestige all the reckless northern hordes.
Delhi flashing white and dazzling 'neath a red, destroying sun,
Home of Grand Moguls the gorgeous — ere their setting had begun.

Frozen tundras of my northlands — fertile valleys of my east —
Burning southlands jeweled and starving — west, the land of song and feast.
Genghis Khan, Confucius, Omar, Cyrus, Buddha, Tamerlane —
With those names and golden memories wonder ye that I am vain?

I have hurled my hosts of henchmen like the lightning in its haste,
Westward o'er the plains of Europe laying slaughter, blood and waste.
I have seen those iron conquerors, from Europa's barbarous state
Raise the kingdoms of the present — learn'd and many, strong and great.

I was ancient, I was mighty, when no other lands were known:
From my Himalayan foot-hills sprang the tongues ye call
your own.
First to leave the savage Stone Age, when the cultured arts
unfurled,
Look to me and bow obeisance — I, the Mother of the World.

THE CALLING OF THE WINDS

THE Winds of the World are calling —
  There's a longing in your breast
For the mighty sweep of the rolling deep,
  Or the breath of the mountain-crest:
And ye long for another region —
  And ye long for another clime —
For the friend or foe ye used to know,
  And the days of another time.

The Winds of the World are calling —
  And will ye answer nay?
Ye know the World where the palms unfurled —
  Where the seal and the walrus play —
Where the rivers through the jungle
  Are washing their virgin banks,
Where fir and pine 'neath the Arctic line
  Stand straight in their serried ranks.

The Winds of the World are calling —
  And will ye go and do
The things afar of peace or war
  That beckoning call to you —
O'er the trail of the tropic mountain,
  O'er pampas, sea and plain,
O'er Arctic floe, in the driving snow,
  Or the red Equator's rain?

The Winds of the World are calling —
  And will ye answer no?
Or run amuck and cast your luck
  Where the counter-tradewinds blow?
Where the stilted laws of city,
  (Each day fore-settled — planned —)
Are broke in twain on sea and plain
  In the tracts of No Man's Land.

THE FAILERS

LOOK Lord upon Thy Failers,
On river and land and sea;
Who've toiled and fought for the things they sought,
But losers utterly.
Their prestige o'er the Nation,
Rings not through the Hall of Fame,
For to the grave — crushed, weary, brave —
They go with knownless name.

They've split the rock, they've furled the sail,
They've grasped the pen and gun,
They've beaten the paths of the boundless earth,
'Neath snow and the tropic sun:
They've striven — (Lord they've striven —)
'Gainst the luck and the odds that are;
Through day and night a ceaseless fight,
And lost their guiding star.

Look Lord on the mighty Failers,
With thought and purpose high;
Look Lord on the feebler Failers,
And do not pass them by.
They've fought a long and glorious fight —
They've missed their golden goal —
Their hearts are crushed in the great world's rush,
Touch Thou the Failer's soul.

Oh Lord of the ancient ages,
  Oh Lord of the oldest past,
Oh Lord of the splendid present,
  And the future to the last,
Look down on the fruitless strivers —
  The Failers of East and West —
And grant them a double blessing Lord,
  Ye grant to all the rest.

THE CITY MOON

THROUGH the hurrying, lighted city,
  Through the grinding rush and roar,
High o'er brick and stone and coping
  We are seeing you once more.

Paler, fainter — cold, uncanny —
  Where the wires swing on high,
And the twenty stories tower
  Blocked and black against the sky.

Surely — no, we're only dreaming,
  You are not the moon we knew
When we watched the wild waves rushing
  'Gainst the gorge and driving through:

Till the foam as molten silver —
  Till the spray as dancing fire —
Sped the dormant blood within us
  To the Land of Our Desire.

You are not the moon that watched us
  Where the lone lean shadows lie
O'er the jewel-bestudded snow-field,
  'Neath the blue-black winter sky.

You are not the moon that broadened
  Silver paths across the sea,
Till the scintillating ocean
  Danced in joyous ecstasy:

Till the rock-bound bight before us,
  Like a dream-enchanted bay,
Broke in brimming, golden goblets,
  Romped and roared and rolled away.

You are not the moon that lingered
  Where the lake-side birches rise
Tier on tier in gleaming whiteness
  O'er the star-reflected skies:

Nor the harvest moon that mellowed
  Sea and cliff and hill and plain,
Soothing care and disappointment —
  Bringing cherished days again.

We renounce you — wan and withered —
  'Bove the walls of brick and stone:
They may have you — they may keep you —
  You are not the moon *we've* known.

THE DOUBTER

LONG he pondered through the gloaming — long he wondered through the night —
Long the heavens shone and shimmered — purple, gray, refulgent, dim:
Till the roaring chorus rumbled, till the little harpstrings trebled,
Age on age in endless answer — spirit-voice or cherubim —

"Gaze, Oh Doubter, o'er cathedral, church and temple, mosque and shrine,
While the solemn millions mutter, 'Lo, the only faith is mine.'
Creed on creed and seer and prophet — festival and fast and feast —
Would ye learn the truth, Oh Doubter, from the mighty and the least?

"Look then to the ancient Eastward where the bulky Buddhas squat,
Fervently the flaccid faces praise the gods who know them not. . . .
Out beyond the red-railed temple when the punk smoke curls away,
Out beyond the last least star-beam lies the God to Whom they pray.

"Look, Oh Doubter, to the Westward with the sun-baked
plains aglare,
Once Apache and Comanche held their savage service there.
Form and figure — fetich, fire — bleeding gash and sacred
sign,
But a Manitou stood guarding — as he guardeth thee and
thine.

"Hear, Oh Doubter, cries of battle — watch the crimson
banners toss —
'La illaha il Allah' shrieks the Crescent to the Cross:
High above the crashing squadrons rings the loud exultant
yell. . . .
(Cross or Crescent — learn ye nothing from the hated
'Infidel'?)

"Look, Oh Doubter, where the Forum marks the heart of
mighty Rome;
Ponder you when you discover different gods in every home?
City — province — outer boundary — where the close-
locked legions rove —
There you find him crowned supernal — Jupiter — the
great god Jove.

"See, Oh Doubter, proud Olympus 'bove the pale Ægean blue
Watching where the war-scarred triremes from the Helles-
pont drive through.
Count her many-headed Council — human hatred — love —
abuse —
But the haughty Hellenes tremble low before Almighty
Zeus.

"Go, Oh Doubter, where a river built an Empire eons old.
Scorn the village triads — scorn them — little gods of brass and gold.
Scan papyri that was destined only Higher Castes might see,
And behold — alone — stands Ammon — as he stands for thine and thee.

"Dig, Oh Doubter, deep and deeper where the sand-choked cities lie,
Till the Tigris and Euphrates fling their story to the sky:
Till the quaint-carved figures answer (honor not the Lesser Things) —
'Whom ye seek is He we worshipped — Lord of Lords and King of Kings.' "

Died the rolling chorus softly — sank the spirit-voice away —
Vanished night and spreading golden blazed the dawning light of day:
And the Doubter stood Believer — saw Him — and in seeing knew —
God and Allah — Zeus and Ammon — Jove — Jehovah — Manitou.

THE SONG OF THE BLIND

ACROSS the twilight stillness
Creeps forth a silent song,
(That naught but the ear of the angels hear)
"How long — Oh Lord — how long?"

. . . . . .

From out our belted darkness
We feel the evening breeze,
We list to the low boughs bending
And the click of the wind-turned leaves.
We know the feathered flutter
When the homing thrushes wing,
We catch the hail of the rising quail —
We hear the robins sing.

A waft from the fields of clover —
A whiff of the new-wet pine —
The sweet-lipped honeysuckle,
And the breath of the wind-swept brine
We scent — and we are grateful —
But oh for the days that were,
When we *saw* the pine and the white-flecked brine,
The clover and beech and fir.

We feel the night air stirring —
We know the hour well:
And the western sky is blazing —
(We hear our neighbors tell):

Oh yes, *we've* seen it spreading
All crimson, gold and green,
And the Star of Evening shining
Through a lilac-tinted screen.

We hear the crickets chirping,
(The day is mostly done).
Are the fire-flies aflitting?
Are the candles one by one
Appearing as they used to do
Beyond the outer mark? —
Where faint and gray the Milky Way
Illumes the dotted dark.

We *used* to see Orion
In nightly combat there:
We *used* to see the Scorpion —
The Archer and the Bear:
We *used* to see the shining Cross —
All mystic, pale and white —
Reflect the glow of the southern snow
Across the arching night.

We *used* to see the silent moon
And the silver-flooded bay —
Where waves careen in the molten sheen
And slowly dance away —
Till the Morning Star, a liquid lamp,
Rose high and clear and cold,
And the first faint hue of the dawn we knew
Burst forth in a flood of gold.

We're trying to be cheerful, Lord,
In our infirmity,
But oh for a sight of the white-ribbed foam
As it leaps from the open sea:
And oh for a look on the dark-green pines
Against the virgin snow —
Or stand by the drift where the sea-gulls lift
And watch the afterglow.

The heliotrope and mignonette
We scent along the lane,
But the rose's blush and the tulip's tint
We may not know again.
We hear the swallow overhead —
We hear the lone loon's call —
But we can't descry the sun-burst sky
With the rainbow over all.

. . . . . .

Across the twinkling twilight
Creeps forth the silent song —
(That only the ear of the angels hear)
"How long — Oh Lord — how long?"

And back through the starry stillness,
Where the last least embers glow,
From ring to ring the far spheres fling
The word of a God they know.

MARK TWAIN

Died, April 21, 1910

FRESH as the break o' the dawning —
  Clear as the sunlit pool;
Ye came on a World of weariness —
  Lord of a kingly school.

Shuttle and lathe and hammer —
  Mill and mine and mart —
They paused awhile to linger and smile —
  Children again in heart.

And a World of work and trouble
  Bent to their tasks anew,
With strength reborn of the joyous morn
  Made manifest by you.

. . . . . .

Again the marts are silenced —
  There's a hush o'er land and sea —
With only the sobs of a Nation,
  That loved and honored thee.

THE SUMMIT

OUT of the murky valleys
  By the sweat of brow and brain;
Out of the dank morasses —
  On to the spreading plain:
Climbing the broken ranges —
  Falling and driving through,
While the toil and tears of the countless years
  Bid ye back to the task anew.

Glory and fame and honor
  Perched on the distant peak —
Beckoning over land and sea
  To the gaze of the men who seek.
Lifting the faltering footstep —
  Bathing the tired brow,
Till out of the lanes of the sunken plains
  Ye come to the golden Now.

Far spread the gleaming foot hills,
  And the deep, green vales between;
Fair lift the distant coast-lines
  And the water's shifting sheen —
And weary, ye pause on the Summit
  For the first victorious breath,
When a hand at your elbow beckons —
  And ye know that the hand is Death.

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS

THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE CROWN JEWELS ROOM OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

GLITTERING — glaring — glistening —
In pompous, proud array;
Maces and crowns and sceptres —
Orders and ribbons gay:
Bright in the white electric light;
Caged and guarded there;
Symbol and sign that the luck of line
A king or a cad might wear.

Blinking — blinding — blazing —
The crown-topped hillock shone,
And the gaping crowd in voices loud
Coveted gilt and stone.
Coveted idle gilt and stone,
Though never stopped to stare
At a little cross on the other side,
Half hid in the alcove there.

But slowly into the Tower
Through the narrow windows crept,
The Winds of the Outer Marches —
The Winds that had seen and wept
At Ladysmith — Trafalgar —
Sebastopol — Lahore;
Khartoum — Seringapatam —
Kabul and Gwalior.

The breath of the red Sirocco
  That sweeps from the white Soudan:
The winds that beat through the Kyber Pass
  Where the blood of England ran:
The winds that lift o'er the Great South Drift —
  O'er the veldt and the frozen plain —
They stooped and kissed the little bronze cross,
  And went on their way again.

And the blaze of crowns and sceptres —
  The power and pomp of kings;
And the glare of the glittering Orders —
  The tinsel of Little Things,
Paled in the ancient Tower —
  Faded and died alone,
And only a cross — For Valour —
  With mystic brightness shone.

KEATS

Who, in a spirit of supersensitive self-abnegation, had placed upon his tombstone that here lay "one whose name is writ in water."

IF your name is writ in water,
  As your humble tombstone saith
Then it forms a crystal fountain
  Born to mock at mortal death.

If your name is writ in water,
  'Tis the water of the stream
Where the wise of all the nations
  Stoop to drink and stay to dream.

If your name is writ in water,
  It has flowed into the sea
Of the ages past and present —
  And of Immortality.

CHRISTMAS

CHILDISH prattle and merry laugh
And the joy of Christmas-tide,
And the old are young as the gay bells fling
Their messages far and wide.

Steaming pudding and lighted tree
And the litter of scattered toys,
We're all of us children again to-day
Along o' the girls and boys.

(*Back behind the happy faces*
Lifts another looking through?
Drop your merry mask and tell me
What does Christmas mean to you?)

Laughter long of the joyous throng,
Festival, fun and feast,
And there's never a care in the echoing air
In the joy of a year released.

There's never a care in the echoing air —
There's never a break in the song —
And we rise with the rest when the children are blessed
And the hours have galloped along.

TUCK AWAY — LITTLE DREAMS

HIS nose was pressed to the grindstone —
  His shoulders bent to the wheel,
One of the numbered millions
  That bore no right to feel.
Child of a callous calling —
  Waif of a willful day;
I heard him murmur beneath his breath —
  "Tuck away — little dreams — tuck away."

The loom and lathe and ledger —
  Pencil and square and drill —
They saw his pain and they laughed again
  As hardened headsmen will.
While 'neath their chains and chiding,
  Through the gloom of the endless day,
I heard him murmur beneath his breath —
  "Tuck away — little dreams — tuck away."

I saw him going down the hill—
  I saw him pause, and start,
And bend again to the grinding grain —
  Lord of a broken heart.
The sunset shadows lengthened —
  The earth was turning gray,
As I caught the breath of the living death —
  "Tuck away — little dreams — tuck away."

BLOODY ANGLE

July 3, 1863; July 3, 1913

THE SPIRIT OF BLOODY ANGLE SPEAKS

I SAW them charge across the field
The Stars and Bars above them,
I saw them fall in hundreds —
I heard the rebel yell.
Behind me, 'neath the Stars and Stripes,
I watched the blue coats pouring
Into the men of Pickett
The flaming vials of Hell.

I thought of Yorktown — Bunker Hill —
Of Valley Forge and Monmouth.
Again the Elders signed our birth —
The great Bell tolled anew.
And I closed my eyes and shuddered —
And I looked to the Lord of Battle —
And I prayed, "Forgive them Father,
For they know not what they do."

I saw them striding o'er the field —
A gray-clad, aged remnant;
I heard again across the plain
The piercing rebel call.
Behind me, 'neath a peaceful sky,
I saw the blue coats standing —
I saw the columns meet — clasped hands —
Above my battered wall.

I knew my blood-stained conscience —
My reeking rowels were whitened.
I saw the line of Sections
Fade dim and die away.
And Phœnix-like, from fire and hate,
A reunited nation
Rose up to bless her children,
Forever and for aye.

THE MICROBE

THE Microbe said — "There is no Man —
I know there may not be:
I cannot hear his voice that sings —
I cannot see his arm that swings —
I cannot feel his mind that flings
My earth-born destiny."

The Man-Child said — "There is no God —
I know there may not be:
I cannot pause and meet His eye —
I cannot see His form on high —
I only know an empty sky
Stares mocking back at me."

THE SEAS

PURPLE seas and garnet seas, emerald seas and blue,
Foaming seas and frothing seas spraying rainbow dew:
Laughing seas and chaffing seas, gay in the morning light,
Endless seas and bendless seas ayawn in the starless night.

Seas that reach o'er the long white beach
Where the clean-washed pebbles roll,
And the nodding groves and the coral coves
And the deep-toned voices toll.

Seas that lift the broken drift
And crash through the crag-lined fjord —
Seas that cut the channel's rut
With the thrust of a mighty sword.

Seas that brood in silent mood
When the midnight stars are set —
Seas that roar as a charging boar
Till the rails of the bridge run wet.

Seas that foam where the porpoise roam
And the spouting whale rolls high —
Seas that use in the sunset hues
Till all is a blended sky.

Seas that reek with the golden streak
And the flash of phosphor fire —
Seas that glance in a moonlit dance
With feet that never tire.

Seas that melt in the mist-hung belt
When sky and waters close —
Seas that meet the day's retreat,
Amber and gold and rose.

Purple seas and garnet seas, emerald seas and blue,
Foaming seas and frothing seas spraying rainbow dew:
Laughing seas and chaffing seas, gay in the morning light,
Endless seas and bendless seas ayawn in the starless night.

GOD'S ACRE

I'M drivin' backward to the farm —
The harvest day is done,
And I'm passing by God's Acre
At the setting o' the Sun:
And I slow the homing horses —
For I must soliloquize
On that white crop standin' silent
Against the crimson skies.

I guess there's tares aplenty —
And I guess there's lots o' chaff,
And I guess there's many stories that
Ed make a feller laugh.
And I guess there's mebbe stories
Ed make a feller weep,
And the Angels kind o' whisper
As around the stones they creep.

Well, the Lord He up and planted —
And the Harvest's come to head;
(And He shore is most particular
When all is done and said).
But I reckon when it's sifted,
And the Crop is in the bin,
It'll be a durned hard sinner
As the Lord ain't gathered in.

GOLD

FROM the green Cycadeæn ages,
From the gloom of the Cambrian fen,
From the days of the mighty mammoth
And the years of the dog-toothed men,
I've lifted ye clear to the summits —
A toy of the upper air —
I've dashed ye down to the pits again
To laugh at your despair.

I beckoned across the chasm
To watch ye stumble in,
And never a light to left or right
On the crags of shame and sin.
I called ye over mountains —
I called ye over seas —
And ye came in hosts from all the coasts
To taste of the tainted breeze.

Honor and King and Country —
Sire and Seed and God —
Ye have given all to the Siren's call
When I but chose to nod.
Ye have given all to the Siren's call —
To the mock of the Siren's strain —
Ye have made a choice and never a voice
May bid ye back again.

THE LEGION

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA REUNION ODE

ACROSS the hill I saw them come —
  A deep-ranked serried legion.
Across the hill I saw them come —
  The faithful cohorts there.
Bank, bar and bench — mine, mart and trench —
  From every clime and region,
In manly might and majesty —
  And I knew the sight was fair.

I saw them halt against the hill
  In loyal lines unbroken;
I heard them answer to the Roll,
  Nor ever missed a name;
For they foregathered past recall
  Were there by every token,
As, 'cross the valley to a man
  The thundering echoes came.

I saw them passing o'er the hill
  In serried ranks unbroken;
'Twas stirrup touching stirrup
  In the sunshine and the rain.
And good the pride to see them ride
  With strength renewed and spoken,
Till love of Pennsylvania
  Should call them home again.

THE ALTAR

UPON THE APENNINE HILL OF ROME

'NEATH the gardens of the Emperors
  Unnoticed you may pass
A little altar nestling
  In the poppies and the grass.
No gorgeous columns flank it,
  Where priest or Vestal trod —
Only the carven words that sing —
  "To the Unknown God."

The haughty praetor scanned it
  With humble, thoughtful air —
The base-born slave espied it
  With sullen, frightened stare:
The Roman matron touched it,
  And went upon her way —
The gladiator saw it,
  And paused awhile to pray.
Even the passing Cæsar
  Bowed the imperial head,
With faltering eyes that swept the skies
  In reverent fear and dread.

The arching heavens domed it
  With royal lapis blue —
The soft Campania's whisper
  Brought the sunshine and the dew:

The candles of the firmament
  Bent down their brightest rays,
Where, midst their Pagan Pantheon
  A People paused to gaze.

THE SONG OF THE AEROPLANE

I SCAN your mighty fortresses —
  I scorn your splendid fleets —
I chart your chosen cities —
  Trenches and lanes and streets.

No secret 'neath the heavens,
  No tale of land or sea,
But bares the breast at my behest
  To stand revealed to me.

I pierce the rainbow's bending,
  Uncovering fold on fold,
Till I come to the arch's ending
  Where lies the pot of gold.

I romp in the crimson sunset —
  I mount the wings o' the dawn —
I glide o'er the brakes and marshes
  To laugh at the startled fawn.

Never a mark may scorn me,
  From the noise of the rising quail
To the topmost peak where the eagles seek
  Their home in the driving gale.

Where lies the last least wilderness
  Man may not dare to know —
Where stands the unscaled mountain,
  Fair crowned with virgin snow:

Where hide the hidden ages —
  Where flow the golden streams —
Where lurks the land of Crœsus
  Or the Lotus-land o' dreams:

Up through the rushing firmament,
  With never halt or toll,
I bear ye far till ye come where are
  The gates of the cherished goal.

. . . . . .

On the wonderful things I show you
  Lucullus-like ye dine —
For the wonderful thoughts I bring you
  Ye love and are wholly mine.

TO MY MOTHER

SOME Ye bid to teach us, Lord,
And some Ye bid to learn;
And some Ye bid to triumph —
And some to yearn and yearn:
And some Ye bid to conquer
In blood by land and sea;
And some Ye bid to tarry here —
To prove the love of Thee.

PACK YOUR TRUNK AND GO

IF you meet a little fräulein
As pretty as a rosebud,
And eyes that make your silly heartstrings
  Thump and bump and glow —
Don't stand and linger dawdlin'
When you *know* you're getting maudlin,
But call yourself a bally fool
  And pack your trunk and go.

If the mocking, hollow laughter,
Like the creaking of a rafter,
Greets you — standing watching after
  At the Chance you didn't know:
Sneering in its craven power
Comes to seek you by the hour,
Try the palm-grove, veldt or paddy —
  Pack your trunk and go.

If the skies are rent asunder
O'er some hasty little blunder,
And you start to really wonder
  How *wise* some people grow:
Let the empty carp-heads haggle —
Let the teacup headwear waggle —
Just tell 'em all to run along —
  And pack your trunk and go.

If the silent blades are dipping
And the green canoes are slipping
By the birches white and dripping
  In the crimson afterglow:
And the harvest moon is rising
With a fullness most surprising —
It's summer on the northern lakes
  So pack your trunk and go.

If the Faith your Fathers taught you
And the Land your Fathers wrought you,
(The Land their blood has bought you),
  Shall hear the bugles blow —
Don't watch in doubt and waiting,
Don't stand procrastinating,
But say good-bye with laughing eye
  And pack your trunk and go.

Where the coral turns to cactus,
And the cactus turns to harvest,
And the harvest turns to hemlock,
  And the hemlock turns to snow:
By the phosphor-bordered beaches —
By the endless, bendless reaches —
You'll find him where a Whisper bade him
  Pack his trunk and go.

THE NEW BARD

THEY had sung the song how very long
Of Love and Faith and Truth:
And they polished fine till it ran as wine,
With never a spot uncouth.

Mellow it spread with softened tread
To the beat of the perfect time —
Chastened and blest and colorless
In stilted, vapid rhyme.

Songs of love that the angels above
Laughed as they bended near —
Songs of fight that the men of might
Sneering stopped to hear —

Till a stronger people rising —
They cast the cant aside,
And they lifted free for the open sea
Where the plunging porpoise ride.

For there lifted free from the open sea
The voice of a bard who knew,
And he brought them tales from the spouting whales
Where only the lean gulls flew.

And he brought them tales from the coral bight
Where the lilac waters spend,
And the ceaseless sift of the phosphor drift
Where the palm-lined beaches bend.

But better than all through the endless pall
His clear-shot wordings ran,
And the tale he bore by peace and war
Was the heart of his fellow-man.

Under the ragged raiment —
Under the silken sheen —
They caught the worth of the spinning Earth,
And the black and the gold between.

For 'neath a coat of roughest hide,
And 'neath the rugged brink,
He covered whole the yearning Soul —
The Soul of the Men Who Think.

The Little Things with mystic wings
That flitting merrily,
Bind West and East and best and least,
From sea to outer sea.

The Little Things with mystic wings,
Hidden the eons through —
From his Children's gaze he swept the haze,
And his Children seeing — knew

Each throbbing lane of pulse and brain —
The far-flung Brotherhood:
The thoughts untold and the hopes unrolled —
And they answered him where they stood:

"In measures strong we've heard your song,
And the warm blood mounts again;
And we scorn the beat of the stifled street
And strike for the open main.

"Far back — far back — we leave the plains
To the little hurrying hosts,
And over the seas in the scud-wet breeze
We lift for the Land o' Ghosts.

"For the Land o' Ghosts and the laughing coasts
And the goal we hope to win —
Though ne'er we reach the beckoning beach,
Ye have let us look within.

. . . . . .

"Though ne'er we reach the beckoning beach —
Though it fades ere we leap to land,
Ye have made us rife with the strength of life —
Ye have spoke . . . and we understand."

WOMAN

A REPLY TO RUDYARD KIPLING

"A WOMAN is only a woman" —
  These are the words you spoke.
And you deemed they were bright and caustic —
  And you thought you had made us a joke.
Well, we who have been in the Tropics,
  Who've noted the Eastern "way,"
'May be we should half forgive you
  For some of the things you say.

When the Cave-man spat on his neighbor
  And smote him hip and thigh —
When the Bronze-man slivered the boulders
  Where the tin and the copper lie —
When the Iron-man reared him bridges
  And engines of steam and steel —
What was the Light that lifted them,
  And bade them to live and to feel?

When the sunshine turns to shadow —
  And the shadow turns to night;
When faith and fair intention
  Have fought them a failing fight;
When Hell has drawn nearest —
  And God is very far —
Mayhap ye then can tell us who
  The Ministering Angels are?

A rose is only a flower —
  Can ye bring us the bud more rare?
"A woman is only a woman" —
  Can ye show us the work more fair?
Fathom ye all Creation —
  Look ye without surcease,
And when ye are weary and broken, kneel —
  To your Master's masterpiece.

FATHER TIME

WHEN your doctors fail to render —
  When your lotions fail to heal —
When the salted scar is burning —
  When aturtle turns the keel:
When the lights are lost to leeward —
  When the last least hope is gone —
Then I call ye — Oh my children —
  As a Mother calls her spawn.

By no magic may I do it —
  By no sudden quick surcease:
Slow, so slow, ye cannot know it
  Do I bring ye your release.
As the blackened heavens soften
  To the morning's growing gray,
And the gray spreads gold and crimson
  Till in splendor breaks the day:

So by little and by little,
  That ye may not know or see,
Do I soothe the salted searing —
  Do I bid the shadows flee —
Do I weld the torn heart-cord
  No surgeon art may heal,
Till ye lift the fastened latchet
  And go forth in laughing weal.

From Eastward and from Westward
  I call my broken clan;
We may not meet in lane or street
  Or greet us man and man:
But slowly spread my wide-leagued wings —
  And falling tenderly,
I wrap my troubled Earth-spawn
  Unto the heart of me.

MY LOVES*

OH do you wish to know my Loves?
Then you must come with me
To every land of all the lands
And the waves of every sea.

My love she nestles to my side,
Nor careth who discern,
For she's the breeze o' the Southern Seas
Where the egg-spume waters turn.

My love she wraps me in her arms
With a crushing grasp and wild,
For she was born o' the six-months morn,
A strong, tumultuous child.

My love needs throw a kiss to me,
And the kiss is the rainbow spray,
Then laughing in glee, coquettishly,
She lightly trips away.

My love she comes with open arms,
A dazzling beauty bold —
Lilac and rose and amber,
Scarlet and blazing gold.

* The loves here referred to are picked at random from among the many of the World Wanderer. The second stanza refers to the breeze of the South Seas; the third stanza to the North Wind; the fourth stanza to the Sea; the fifth stanza to the Sunrise; the sixth stanza to the Sunset.

My love she gently beckons me
And folds me nearer yet,
A blushing maid with crown of jade
Where the first pale stars are set.

Oh do you wish to know my Loves?
Then you must come with me
To every land of all the lands
And the waves of every sea.

THE FORUM

HERE strode triumphant Cæsars
  Returning honored home:
Here rose the gorgeous temples
  Of proud imperial Rome.

Here burned the Vestal Fire
  The endless seasons through:
Here reared the haughty Arches
  The far-flung Nations knew.

Lord of the last least horizon —
  King of the Outer Seas —
Where beat a heart, where stood a mart,
  There bended suppliant knees —

To Thee — Resplendent Sovereign —
  Cradled among the hills,
Who still through the countless centuries
  The wondering watcher thrills.

Only a Tale of the Ages —
  Power and Pride and Death —
And the afterlight of an Empire's might —
  And the soft Campania's breath.

Only the crumbled marble,
  And Memory's lingering wine,
And the grass and the scarlet poppies
  And clover and dandelion.

THE HERITAGE

Dedicated to the memory of my great-great-grandfather, Captain John Garrett, of the First Regiment, Delaware Militia, 1777–80, and the Second Regiment, Delaware Militia, 1780–81, of the Revolutionary Army, and also a member of the Delaware Legislature in 1785; and to that of my great-great-great-grandfather, Captain Jonathan Cowpland, son of Judge Caleb Cowpland, and commanding, at various times during the War of the Revolution, the United States ships "Fame," "Basilisk" and "Hawk."*

FULL well they tilled the barren soil —
  Full well they sowed the seed —
Full well they held by life and life
  The seal of the title deed.

From Bunker Hill to Yorktown
  They waged a sacred fray:
Oh Sons of Iron Men give ye not
  Your heritage away.

By commerce, mart and culture
  Ye've raised a mighty state;
But 'ware the pampered spirit,
  Ere ye 'ware the worst too late.

By commerce, mart and culture
  Thrive ye forevermore,
But hold ye to the Iron Age —
  The Iron Age of War.

* Additional note at end of volume.

With rugged heart and sinew —
  With spirit stern and high,
Keep ye the ways o' warrior days —
  The days that may not die.

Keep ye the ways o' warrior days,
  Maintain the armor bright,
For where ye've raised your fathers blazed —
  Hold ye their honor white.

That through the unborn years to come —
  Unpampered, age on age —
Shall guarded stand their promised land —
  Our Sacred Heritage.

THE ADJUSTING HOUR

JUST the Adjusting Hour,
  With nobody else around,
And you sort o' straighten things a bit,
  Beginning right down at the ground.

Just the Adjusting Hour,
  When plans have gone askew,
And you stand with your back to the fire —
  And only your God and you.

Just the Adjusting Hour,
  Pondering very slow,
And you lay the firm foundations
  And you pray that they will grow —

Tall and strong and splendid —
  That they who run may see,
What the Adjusting Hour
  Has given to you and me.

THE OUTPOSTERS

WE'VE *tête-à-têted* here and there
  Whence all the breezes fan,
From Cuba clear to Tokio
  And back to Hindustan.

We've journeyed out of Agra
  To see the Taj Mahal
Rise mystic white in the moonlit night
  Above the Jumna wall.

Along the plains of Java
  We've grasped you by the hand,
And watched among Tosari's hills
  The lace Tjemaras stand:

Or Aden's great cathedral rocks —
  High — majestic — bare —
Or Karnak's columns rising sheer
  Through the clear Egyptian air.

We've laughed with you in Poeroek Tjahoe,*
  In the heart of Borneo,
Ere we hit the trail to northward
  Where the lesser rivers flow:

* Pronounced Poorook Jow.

Where the angry Moeroeng cuts the hills
  And the endless jungles rise,
And the Dyak kampongs nestle 'neath
  The speckless, fleckless skies.

By the myriad ship-lights stretching through
  The Roads of Singapore,
By the crooked, winding, white-walled streets
  Of burning Bangalore:

By the mighty, gilded Shwe Dagon
  Aglitter above the trees,
Where the tiny ti bells tinkle
  In the sough of the sunset breeze:

From where the terrace-sculptured gates
  Of the great Sri Rangam rise,
To Bangkok's triple temple roofs,
  Red-gold against the skies:

By crowded, sewerless Canton —
  By Hong Kong's towering lights —
By the gorgeous Rajputana stars
  That blazon the blue-black nights:

We've met you, Men of the Millionth Mark —
  Outposters — far — alone —
Beyond the glut of the cities' rut,
  And we claim you for our own.

(Beyond the glut of the cities' rut
And the roar of the rolling cart,
Beyond the blind of the stifled mind
And the hawking, haggling mart.)

And some of you were "rotters" —
And some were "18 fine" —
But on the whole — we saw your soul —
Oh outbound kin of mine.

So stand we pledged and hand in hand
By every ocean, gulf and land,
Stout hearts and humble knees:
Oh men of the Outer Reaches —
Oh men of the palm-lined beaches —
Oh men where the ice-pack bleaches —
Oh Brethren o' the far-flung seas.

WONDERING

LEANING on the midnight rail,
  Looking o'er the sea,
Winking at the little stars,
  While they wink at me.
Wondering how it happened
  Ages long ago,
Wondering why I'm here to-night —
  Wondering where I'll go.

Wondering how the Scorpion
  Bends his mighty tail,
Wondering if the Archer's aim
  Makes Antares quail:
Wondering why Australia's Crown
  Happened to be made,
Wondering if I really ought
  Not to be afraid.

Wondering if the blackened sea
  Ever has a bend,
Wondering if the Milky Way
  Ever has an end,
Wondering why the Southern Cross
  Has an arm askew,
Wondering lots o' funny things,
  (I wonder, wouldn't you?)

Wondering where He's watching from —
  Wondering if He'd see
Anything so very small
  Just as you or me?
Wondering and wondering —
  But still the echoes fail —
And so I'm left awondering,
  O'er the silent rail.

BATTLESHIPS

Addressed to "little-navy" Congressmen.

FOOLS there lived when the Nations sprang newborn from the arms of God —
Fools there'll live when the Nations melt in the mold of the markless sod.
Fools there are and fools there were and fools there'll ever be —
But none like the fools whom the ages teach, and then refuse to see.

With Other Peoples building them in squadrons —
The Other Peoples laden down with debt —
In the richest of the Nations you'll cut appropriations,
But the Day of Reckoning — have ye counted yet?

Oh be careful, Oh be meager, Oh My Brothers;
Weigh the cost, and gasp, and pare it down again;
Till the twelve-inch children roar and the troopships grate the shore
And you hear the coming tread of marching men.

Then My Brothers, Oh my wise far-seeing Brothers,
Build a Fleet and build it swiftly overnight;
Ah truly ye who knew it all these years can surely do it,
For ye and only ye alone are right.

Go gaze across your growing, waving acres –
Go gaze adown the peaceful, busy street;
May the prestige of your town be your all-in-all renown,
And scorn the men who bid you, "*BUILD THE FLEET.*"

Or whine about your irrigation ditches —
Much they'll help a scarred and battle-riven land.
Oh they'll do a monstrous earning when the crops they grow are burning —
Because you would not hear the clear command.

With the jealous nations standing to the eastward —
And the Sneaking Cur that watches on the west —
You'll bargain, skimp and whine till the gray hulls lift the line,
And your children stand betrayèd and confessed.

For the sake of saving five or fifty millions —
For the sake of "politics" or local greed —
Will you brand yourselves arch traitors to the Nation —
You, the sons of men who served us in our need?

Will you risk a land your Sires died to bring you —
A land our faithful Fathers fell to save,
By the bleaching bones of Valley Forge and Monmouth
Or the crimson flood the Bloody Angle gave?

Will you see one half the Nation raped and burning —
Will you learn War's callous, lurid, livid wrath
By the wailing 'long the wayside, by the ashes of the cities,
Ere your gathered army flings across their path?

You may strut and boast our boundless might and power —
You may call our race the Chosen of the Lord —
But if *your* town they raze — and if *your* home's ablaze
You will wake and learn the Kingdom of the Sword.

You will wake and learn the word your Fathers taught you —
You will wake and learn the truth — but all too late:
By the shrieking shrapnel's crying — by the homeless,
wronged and dying —
You shall count what you begrudged to Guard the Gate.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

It should be needless to note that the persons here addressed do not comprise the whole American people, but a certain distinctive type.

OH little men and sheltered —
Oh fatted pigs of a sty,
Through the Star Spangled Banner ye calmly sit,
Nor see the wrong, nor the why,
And ye stand with your hats on your thoughtless heads,
When the Flag of the Nation goes by.

Has the lust of the dollar gripped you
Till the fetid brain's grown cold,
Till ye forget the days that are set
And the glorious deeds of old —
And the Song and the Passing Colors
Are drowned in a flood of gold?

Awake from your listless lethargy —
Arise and understand
The battle-hymn of your fathers —
And the Flag of your Fatherland —

As it rose to the hum of the feet that come
To the drum and the bugle's call;
As it tasted the dregs of raw reverse —
As it rushed through the breach in the wall:

As it fell again on the gore-wet plain
  Till new hands swung it high —
As it dipped in rest to East and West
  Where it watched its Children die:

As it swept anew o'er the shotted blue,
  And the great gulls reeled in fright;
As it bore the brave 'neath the whispering wave
  To the Squadron's hushed Goodnight:

As it mounted sheer 'mid cheer on cheer,
  Till, far o'er land and sea,
It gave each fold to the sunlight's gold —
  And the name of Victory.

Then on your feet when the first proud strain
  Of the Anthem rolls on high —
And see that ye stand uncovered
  To the Colors passing by:
And pray to your God for strength to guard
  The Flag ye glorify.

THE GREAT DOCTORS

CHIEFS of all the Conquerors —
Kings above the Kings —
Fame beyond all earthly fame
Where the censer swings.

Brave and strong and silent —
Patient, cautious, calm —
E'en as the ministering angels —
Even as Gilead's Balm —

They come; the quiet god-men,
Where hope has fled apace,
And the Reaper's scythe is swaying
Across the ashen face.

No miracle proclaims them —
No thundering cheer and drum —
As creeps the light of the starlit night
God's Emissaries come.

A touch to the raveled life-cord
Or ever it snaps in twain;
And as the light of the starlit night,
They silently pass again.

THE DREAMER AND THE DOER

THE Dreamer saw a vision
  High in th' empyrean blue,
And slowly it passed until at last
  He called to the Man he knew —
"Look, thou Dolt of the Blinded Heart —
  Slave of Rod and Rule —
And drink of the wine of my sight divine —
  Oh churl of a plodding school!"

The Doer he checked and plotted
  And hammered and pieced again,
But his eyes they were on the things that he saw —
  The Things of the Earth-bound Men:
And he called to the Dreamer passing —
  "Oh stop, thou fool, and see
On water and land the work of my hand,
  For the service of such as thee."

"Dolt," said the Dreamer, "ye stole my dream
  I showed where the lightnings ran. . . ."
"Fool," said the Doer, "but for my toil —
  Ye'd still be a Stone-age Man."

SPAIN

MIGHT and far-flung power
And we call the vision Rome,
Where the close-locked legions trample
And the triremes cut the foam.
Grace and regal beauty —
And Athena's temples rise
Above the fertile Attic plains
And blue Ægean skies.
But when, in wanton whispers
Creeps o'er the tired brain
The word Romance, there falls the trance —
The spell of olden Spain.

. . . . . .

The humdrum of the city
The workshop and the street,
They gently slip behind us,
As glide our tired feet
O'er the pavements of Sevilla,
Where the Grandees pass again
To ogle in the balconies
The matchless eyes of Spain.

Once more the somersaulting bells
In the great square tower ring —
Once more the sword and cowl draw back —
"The King — make way — The King!"

Sevilla — Mother of a world
  Of pride and golden gain,
And greed and love and laughter
  Of Periclean Spain.

Once more o'er purple ocean
  Or coral-locked lagoon,
We watch the bowsprit cutting
  The pathway of the moon.
The long white beach, the swaying palms'
  Shifting silver sheen —
And the flickering flares of the flimsy fleet
  Where the spear-poised fishers lean.

The low-hung, skimming scuppers —
  The flaunting skull and bones —
The buccaneer on his poop-deck
  Roaring in thunder tones
To a swarthy, ill-begotten crew —
  As slow the daylight dies,
And he lifts with a smile the chartless isle
  Where the buried treasure lies.

The lilt of living music
  Caressing heart and brain:
Harp, guitar and mandolin
  In languorous, limpid strain.
The fluttering fan — the furtive glance —
  The black mantilla's reign —
And the Captains bold who drop their gold
  To bask in the eyes of Spain.

The towering galleons plunging
  Thrice-tiered above the foam:
The ringing round-shot roaring,
  And the crash of the hit gone home:
The yard-arms staggering under,
  Where, scorning the iron rain
And showing its fangs to a parting world,
  Goes down the Lion of Spain.

. . . . . .

When the clattering city cloys you
  With the stress of its strident call —
When practical, calculating Things
  Are domineering all —
When your clamped mind in its weariness
  To Romance turns again,
Seek ye the Andalusian crags —
The flare of the gold and crimson flags —
And the scented breath where the night wind drags
  Through the Isles of the Spanish Main.

THE LIGHTS

THE fair-weather lights are gleaming
  Across a tranquil main,
By beam and beam so bright they seem
  A laughing, endless chain.

The foul-weather lights are few and far —
  Nor flash nor leap nor fail —
But slowly burn where the billows churn
  In the teeth of the driving gale.

Oh the fair-weather lights o'er the sheltered bights
  Are welcome sights to see —
But the foul-weather lights o' stormy nights,
  Are the Lamps of the Years to be.

THE FAIREST MOON

OH ye who tell of the harvest moon
  Above the waving grain,
Oh ye who tell of the silent moon
  That glitters across the plain.

Oh ye who tell of the mountain moon
  That lifts each peak and crag,
Oh ye who tell of the ocean moon
  Where the long, black shadows drag.

Oh ye who tell of the silver moon
  In wanton ecstasy,
Ye never tell of the fairest moon —
  The fairest moon to me.

'Tis well the tale of the crescent moon
  Above the lake-side pine,
And good is your song of the circling moon
  Where snowy meadows shine.

And fair's the lilt of the gleaming moon
  Where dazzling rapids leap:
For wondrous bright is the fairy sight
  Of the soul of a World asleep.

But a waning moon, just half a moon,
  With a rough and ragged rim,
And a mystic light that makes the night
  All bright but doubly dim. . . .

Low down, low down in a starry sky,
  O'er the shift of a swinging sea
With a mellow fold o' silver gold,
  Reveals my moon to me.

THE STRIVER

THE trumpets bore his name afar
By East and West anew,
Where, roaring through the riven tape
The sweeping Conqueror drew.
And East and West they rose and blest
With laurel wreath and cheers,
As they had done 'neath every sun
Adown the countless years.

The trumpets echoed far ahead —
A faltering footfall trailed,
Till broken flesh that called on flesh
Stumbled and rocked and failed.
A well run dry — a sightless sky —
Where mind and matter part:
A quivering frame — a nameless name —
Wrapped in a lion's heart.

The nearer stars they winded him —
The farther planets heard;
The outer spheres of all the spheres
Took up the Master's word.
They lifted him and buoyed him
And bore him gently in
To the Goal of Lost Endeavor —
In the Land of Might-have-been.

THE OLD MEN

YE sing a song of the young men
  In the pride of an early strength,
Ye sing a song of the young men
  And ye give it goodly length;
I sing a song of the old men —
  Of the men on a homeward tack
And a steady wheel and an even keel
  That never a wind may rack.

Ye sing a song of the strong men
  In the birth of a splendid youth,
Ye sing a song of the strong men,
  And ye sing mayhap in truth;
But I — I sing of the old men
  Who've weathered the outer seas,
And lifting the bark through the growing dark
  Bear back in the sunset breeze.

Ye sing a song of the young men
  Ere they reach the second stake,
And a name to choose and a name to lose
  In the scruff of the rudder's wake;
But I — I sing of the old men
  In the glow of the tempered days,
Whose chartings show the paths to go
  Through the mesh of a million ways.

Ye sing a song of the strong men
  In the flush of the first fair blow,
Ye sing a song of the strong men
  Or ever the end ye know;
But I — I sing of the old men —
  Time-tested — weathered brown —
Who unafraid the port have made,
  Where all brave ships go down.

THE FOUR-ROADS POST

THEY had come at the Spirit's bidding —
  Who bore the right to seek —
And the hungry he brake and gave them bread,
  And strength he gave to the weak.

Honor and Gold and Triumph —
  Love and Land and Fame —
As they deserved to each he served —
  And they left and blessed his name.

And only one was waiting
  Before the Giver's knee,
And He said, "Oh spawn of a troubled Earth —
  What may I do for thee?"

And the suppliant cried, "Good Master
  I asked nor fame nor gold —
I only seek the bygone peak
  Where I saw the lands unfold.

"I only seek the bygone peak
  Where every pathway sung,
And every sea had a ship for me,
  And all the World was young.

"Oh let me know the place once more,
  The parting of the lane —
Oh give me back the Four-Roads Post,
  That I may choose again."

. . . . . .

The Spirit gazed across the vale
  And his eyes had a tender glow,
And his voice ran mild as ye speak to a child,
  Wondrous soft and low:

"Little Waif of a Later Day,
  Where the unthought hours flee,
The only treasure I have not
  Is the boon that ye ask of me.

"I can give you balms and riches —
  I can ease you of your pain —
But I cannot give the Four-Roads Post —
  That ye may choose again."

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

SING me a song of Chivalry,
The little Man-child said.
Of days of old when knights were bold
And fields of honor red.
Take me far to a maiden's tower
And the black traducer slain;
To Honor and Truth and Faith forsooth —
Oh carry me back again.

So the Waif of Chance he wafted him
And set him down apace,
But never a field of tourney,
And never a knight of grace.
He set him down where the whipping flames
Leap red athwart the sky,
And the crashing wall that forms a pall
Where the fire-fighters lie.

The Waif of Chance he wafted him
Across a broken main,
And the great ship's roll like a foundering soul
Groaned to the depths again:
But over the breast of the ocean's crest
The plunging life-boats neared,
And the shout that burst was "Women first,"
And the men that were left — they cheered.

Where the staggering brethren dragged their loads
From the mouth of the stricken mine,
Where the hand at the throttle never flinched
At the sight of the open line;
By curb and forge and death-hung gorge —
By river, sea and plain —
The Waif of Chance the Man-child brought,
And bade him gaze again.

Honor and Faith and Sacrifice
In the midst of the city's roil —
Faith and Honor and Sacrifice
Where the frontier-hewers toil:
And the Man-child slowly knelt and clasped
The Waif about the knee,
And he murmured low, "Oh now I know —
The Days of Chivalry."

PHANTOM-LAND

COME board the boat for Phantom-land —
Come join the merry crew;
Come board the boat for Phantom-land
That lies acalling you.

Oh throw away the red-shot day —
The broken, weary night —
And come with me across the sea
To where you lift the light
Of Phantom-land of Phantom-land,
Uprising from the blue,
With mountains green and castles
That stand acalling you.

It doesn't cost a single cent
To join the joyous band;
You needn't spend a penny
To reach the sunny land;
So come away at close o' day
Or in the morning dew,
To Phantom-land to Phantom-land
That lies acalling you.

And they who once have been there —
Who've trod the laughing hills,
They're always going back there —
From roil and toil and ills:

And when they come to Earth again —
(I cross m' heart, it's true),
They sing the praise o' Phantom-land
That lies acalling you.

THE ROSE

HE plucked the Rose in anger —
  The Rose across his path—
And the thorns they cut and tore him
  And scorned him in his wrath.

He plucked the Rose in hauteur
  And pride no bond could bind,
And the Rose it tossed its royal head
  Nor deigned to look behind.

He plucked the Rose in sadness —
  And the red Rose seeing, knew:
And it gave its sweetest incense,
  And its petals shone with dew.

He plucked the Rose in gladness —
  Nor sorrow's least alloy —
And the Rose it shook its leaves and laughed
  In its tumultuous joy.

By all the devious ways he came —
  By every mood and whim;
And as he stooped to gather —
  The Rose gave back to him.

PATRIOTISM

ENDS of the riven Nation
I've drawn near and near,
Duty and love and honor
I've garnered year by year;
Oh fair they tell o' the Lasting Peace,
And the Final Brotherhood,
But I call my sons to the signal guns,
And I know that the call is good.

Mongol and Teuton and Slav and Czech —
Saxon and Celt and Gaul —
Out of the mire at my desire
They leapt to the battle-call.
The Mean and the Low and the Goodly —
Murderer, saint and thief —
From city and plow with lofty brow
They rode to My Belief.

The Mean and the Low and the Goodly
O'er the fields of carnage swept,
And for those that returned, the laurel crown —
And for those that stayed — they wept.
And the Mother showed her stripling
The place where the foeman ran,
And he pledged to the skies with yearning eyes —
And the pledge was the pledge of a man.

Over the field of battle
The well aimed arrows flew,
Over a sea of wreckage
The bending galleons blew;
And where the arrow found him,
Or the round-shot rent atwain,
He fell — but turned in the falling
To bless his Land again.

Ends of the riven Nation
I've drawn near and near,
Duty and love and honor
I've garnered year by year;
Oh fair they tell o' the Lasting Peace,
And the Final Brotherhood,
But I call my sons to the signal guns —
And I know that the call is good.

KELVIN

NEVER a mark of Mortal Man
  But ye delved to a greater depth —
Never a truth of Mortal Truths
  But ye stirred it where it slept
Never a veil but ye drew aside,
  Till ye came where the Wide Ways part,
And ye bowed a head as ye lowly said,
  "Oh God, how fair Thou art."

PART FOUR

THE DYAK CHIEF

THE DYAK CHIEF

HEAR ye a tale from the deepest depths of the heart of Borneo,
Where the Moeroeng leaps in wild cascades,
And the endless green of the jungle fades,
And night shuts down on the fern-choked glades
Where the kampong hearth-fires glow.

Listen, Oh White Man, that ye hear
The words of a Dyak chief,
Till ye learn the weight of the Dyak hate
And the depth of the Dyak grief.

Once in the days of my strength and pride
I loved a kampong maid,
And very old was the tale I told
'Neath the lace of the jungle shade.

And very old was the tale I told,
Though born year by year;
Till I thought of the headless waist I bore —
And I drew the maiden near:

And I pledged her there by the tree-banked stream
Where the rippling shadows flee,
"None but the skull of a kampong chief
Shall hang at my belt for thee."

II

When over the palm-topped endless hills
  First broke the golden day,
The taintless breeze in the highest trees
  Laughed as I swung away.

Laughed as I climbed the mountain path
  Or skirted the river's bank,
And the great lianes sung to me
  As on my knees I drank.

And the great lianes softly swayed
  And twisted in snake-like guise,
Till I lost their sight in the leafy height
  Where peeped the purple skies.

And down through the dank morasses
  I leapt from clod to clod,
O'er fallen trunk and lifted root
  And the ooze of the sunken sod —

Where the tiny trees stand tall and straight,
  A mass of mossy green,
And lighting all like a fairy hall
  The sunlight sifts between.

Day by day through stress and strain
  I pressed my marches through;
Day by day through strain and stress
  The weary hours flew.

And silent, from the dank brown leaves
  As swept my hurrying tread,
The little waiting leeches rose
  And caught me as I sped.

Till my feet and ankles bled in streams —
  But I let them clinging stay,
And they swelled to seven times their size
  And glutted and fell away.

For never time had I to stop,
  And so they sucked their fill,
As I splashed through the knee-deep rivers
  And clambered the jungle hill.

And only night could halt me,
  And the stars in their proud parade,
They bade me look to the fray before,
  And back to the kampong maid.

III

Weary at last I reached a height
  That showed a fertile glade,
Where the bending trees of the river brink
  Leaned out o'er a wild cascade.

And white above the waving banks
  The towering giants rose high,
And tossed their heads in hauteur,
  Full-plumed across the sky.

And waved their long lianes
A hundred feet in air,
And shook their clinging vine-leaves
As a Dyak maid her hair.

And down by the Moeroeng's turning
The river rock rose sheer,
And out of the cracks the tasseled palms
Like mighty plumes hung clear.

While still, behind a boulder,
Where the little ripples gleam,
A fisher sat in his sunken proa
In the midst of the gliding stream.

Only the crash of the underbrush
Told where a hunter sped,
And I caught the glint of the morning sun
On the blow-spear's glittering head.

Only the crack of a mandauw
Felling the little trees,
And the murmuring call of a water-fall
That echoed the jungle breeze.

But more to me than the hunter —
The fisher and stream and hill —
Was the kampong deep in the hollow,
Nestling dark and still.

Dark and still in the valley,
A single house and strong;
Perched on piles two warriors high
And a hundred paces long.

And straight before the tall-stepped door
The mighty chief poles rose,
And seemed to shake their tasseled tops
In warning to their foes —

As they who slept beneath them
Once did, when in their might —
With shining steel and sinews —
Full-armed they sprang to fight.

Long from the hill-side trees I watched
The water women go
Back and forth to the river bank,
Chattering to and fro.

Long from the hill-side trees I watched
Till — straight as the windless flame —
With spear and shield and mandauw,
The kampong chieftain came.

Full well I knew the waist-cloth blue
Where hung each shriveled head.
Full well I saw the eyes of awe
That followed in his tread.

Full well I heard the spoken word —
The quick obedience fanned —
And I felt the trance of the royal glance
Of the Lord of the Jungle-land.

Lightly he scorned the proffered guard
As he strode the upland grade,
And softly I drew my mandauw
And fingered the sharpened blade.

Was it for game or a head he came
To the hills in the golden morn?
But little I cared as the heavens stared
On the day that my hope was born.

For over and over I muttered —
As I slunk from tree to tree —
"None but the head of a kampong chief
Shall hang at my belt for thee."

(None but the head of a kampong chief
For you my belt shall grace,
Taken by right in fairest fight —
Full-fronted — face to face.)

And I found a leafy clearing
That lay across his path,
And I stood to wait his coming —
The chieftain in his wrath.

As the moan before the wind-storm
That breaks across the night,
Were the rhythmic, muffled foot falls
Of the war-lord come to fight.

The crack of little branches —
The branches pushed away —
And the Scourge of the Moeroeng Valley
Sprang straight to the waiting fray.

'Twas then I knew the stories true
They told of his fearful fame,
As through my shield a hand's-length
His hurtling spearhead came.

Stunned I reeled and a moment kneeled
To the shock of the blinding blow,
But I rose again at the stinging pain
And the wet of the warm blood's flow.

And I staggered straight and I scorned to wait
And I swept my mandauw high —
But ere my stroke descended
He smote me athwart the thigh.

As the lean rattan at the workman's knife —
As the stricken game in the dell —
As a bird on the wing at the blow-spear's sting,
To the reddened earth I fell.

And merrily with fiendish glee
He knelt and held me fast;
And I looked on high at the fleecy sky —
And I thought the look was the last.

But by the will that knows no law
I wrenched my right hand free,
And I drove my mandauw's gleaming point
A hand's-breadth in his knee.

Stung by the pain he loosened,
And a moment bared his breast,
And like the dash of the lightning flash
My weapon sought its rest.

As a log in the Moeroeng rapids
The mighty chieftain rolled,
And I pinned him fast for the head-stroke,
In the reek of the blood-stained mold.

And I pinned him fast for the head-stroke —
But the glare of the dying eyes
Gleamed forth to show the worthy foe
And the heart that never dies.

. . . . . .

A moment toward a kampong,
And toward a kampong maid,
I looked . . . and a head rolled helpless
To the crash of a falling blade.

IV

With strips from my torn jacket
I bound my arm and thigh,
And I headed back o'er the leafy track
With hope and spirits high.

And as I sped with leaping heart
All Nature seemed to sing;
And my legs ran red where trickling bled
The head of the Jungle King.

The purring tree-tops called me —
The fleecy clouds rolled by —
And the forest green was a sun-shot sheen,
And the sky was a laughing sky.

And only night could halt me,
And the stars in their proud parade,
They bade me look to the path before
That led to the kampong maid.

Bleeding and torn, spent and worn,
At last I reached the hill,
Whence each hearth-light in the falling night
Was a welcome bright and still.

For each hearth-light in the falling night
Cut clear through the growing gloam —
Of all brave things the best that brings
The weary Wanderer home.

But the waiting watchers spied me,
And met me as I ran;
And they saw the head of the chieftain,
And they hailed me man and man.

But through the heart-whole greetings
I felt the anxious gaze,
And over my brain like a pall was lain
The weight of the Doubter's craze.

And I begged them to tell me quickly —
For I quailed at the story stayed —
And I asked them if aught had happened
To the head of the kampong maid.

And there in the leafy gloaming —
Where the stars lit one by one,
They told me the tale at my homing —
And I felt the passions run —

Hate as the white-hot flame jet —
Shame as the burning bar —
Grief as the poisoned arrow —
Revenge as the salted scar:

Rankling — roaring — blinding —
Rising and ebbing low;
Till overhead the skies burst red,
And I tottered beneath the blow.

For they told of a White Man's coming,
And the weapon that carries far;
And his love for the Maid — but over it laid
The hush of the falling star.

Faithlessness — treachery — cunning —
Weakness and love and fear —
Oh very old was the tale they told,
Though born year by year.

And I drew my blade and I leapt away —
But they sprang and held me fast:
And they promised me there by the dead chief's hair,
My hate should be filled to the last.

And they showed me him bound and knotted
To the base of a splintered tree,
Stripped to the sun and spat upon
And taunted — awaiting me.

And I saw *her* in the shadows —
But . . . I might not know her, then —
A sneer for the kampong women —
And a jest for the kampong men.

. . . . . .

And thus in the days of my strength and pride,
From over the distant sea,
The White Man came in his open shame
And stole my love from me.

V

The next morn at the rising sun
The tom-toms roared their fill,
And echoed like rolling thunder
From hill to farthest hill.

And the birds of the jungle fluttered
And lifted and soared away,
And we dragged the fettered prisoner forth
To blink at the blinding day.

Full length and naked on the ground
We staked him foot and hand,
And we laughed in glee as we watched to see
The pest of the jungle-land.

Oh we laughed in glee as we watched to see
The little leeches swing,
End on end till they reached the flesh
Of the prostrate, struggling Thing.

Like river flies in the summer rains
They covered the White Man o'er —
Body and legs and arms and face,
Till the whole was a bleeding sore.

And the red streams ran from the crusted pools
And crimsoned the leafy ground,
And the scent of gore but brought the more
As the smell of game to the hound.

Hour by hour I watched him die,
  Slowly day by day,
Hour by hour I watched the flesh
  Sinking and turning gray:

Hour by hour I heard him shriek
  To the skies and the White Man's God —
But only the gluttons came again
  And reddened the reeking sod.

Weeping, writhing, groaning —
  Paled to an ashen dun —
And the clotted blood turned black as mud
  And stunk in the midday sun.

(Bones where stretched the tautening flesh —
  A shining, yellow sheen —
And the flies that helped the leeches work
  In the stagnant pools between.)

. . . . . .

Till the fourth day broke in a blaze of gold —
  And I knew the end was nigh —
And I called the tribes from near and far,
  To watch the White Man die.

From every kampong of the south
  Where the broad Barito winds —
From every kampong of the east
  The murmuring hill-wind finds —

From every kampong of the west
  Where the Djoeloi falls and leaps —
From every kampong of the north
  Where the great Mohakkam sweeps —

From east and west and south and north
  The mighty warriors came,
To prove the weight of the Dyak hate
  And the shame of the naked shame.

In noiseless scorn and wonder
  They scanned the victim there,
Except that when an Elder spake
  To mock at his despair.

Or when from out the long-house —
  Where loosened footboards creaked —
A woman leaned in frenzy
  And tore her hair and shrieked.

And from the wooded hill-tops
  The answering echoes came,
Till all our far-flung wilderness
  Stooped down to curse his name.

In sullen, savage silence
  They watched the streamlets flow:
In savage, sullen silence —
  The war-lords — row on row —

Ranged around by rank and years,
  Oh goodly was the sight,
Square shouldered — spare — with muscles bare
  Coiled in their knotted might —

And little serpent eyes that gleamed
  In glittering, primal hate,
Like adders, that beneath the leaves
  The coming foot falls wait.

The shrunken heads about their belts
  Stared with senseless grin,
As though in voiceless mummery
  They mocked him in his sin.

As though in sightless greeting —
  To make his entry good
To th' lost and leering legion
  Of the martyred brotherhood.

. . . . . .

We rubbed his lips with costly salt —
  (You know how far it comes) —
And when he called for drink — we laughed —
  And rolled the Sick-man's Drums.

. . . . . .

They beckoned me unto his side —
  The blood-stench filled the dell —
They asked me — "Ye are satisfied?"
  And I answered — "It is well."

The final glaze was settling fast —
  The weary struggles ceased —
And on his breath was the moan of death
  That prayed for life released.

So we propped his mouth wide open
  With a knob of rotten vine,
And the leeches entered greedily
  As white men to their wine.

Palate and roof and tongue and gums,
  They gushed in rivers gay —
And gasping — his own blood choked him —
  And his Spirit passed away.

This is the tale the old chief tells
  When the western gold-belt dies,
And the jungle trees in the evening breeze
  Tower against the skies,
And the good-wife bakes the greasy cakes
  Where the kampong hearth-fires rise.

NOTES

NOTES

THE CAVALRYMAN 19

Dough-boy 19

An infantryman.

ON THE WATER-WAGON 21

Slang for "not drinking."

"the mill" 21

The guard-house or soldier prison.

ARMY OF PACIFICATION 23

Islands 24

The Philippine Islands.

SOLITARY 25

"Solitary confinement" is punishment meted out to particularly obstreperous prisoners or to those under very severe sentence.

calaboose 25

Guard-house or soldier prison.

jug 25

Guard-house or soldier prison.

Ten and a Bob 25

A prisoner's sentence of ten years and a dishonorable discharge from the Army.

The Isle 25

Refers to Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, used as a discharge station for time-expired soldiers returning from the Philippines

after the Insurrection of 1899–1902. On Angel Island there was also a military convict station for serious offenders, who had to break stone.

"the makings" 26

The paper and tobacco for cigarettes.

THE SULTAN COMES TO TOWN 27

Jolo 27

Jolo pronounced Holo.

Major Sour 28

The Major's name was Sour—if we speak in antithesis.

THE ROOKIE 45

"The Top" 45

"The Top" is the "Top-sergeant," ie, the First Sergeant—the ranking non-commissioned officer of a troop or company.

MAJOR SOUR 81

Vigilantes 82

Native police of Jolo.

SHAH JEHAN 131

One of the Great Moguls of India, who at Agra built the lovely, white marble Taj Mahal as a mausoleum for his favorite wife, who died in 1629.

Near the city of Aurangabad, in the northwestern part of the state of Hyderabad, is the so-called "Little Taj," the Mausoleum of Rabi'a Durrani, the wife of a later Great Mogul, Aurangzeb. Though built only of stucco, and not kept in the same immaculate condition as the Taj Mahal, the "Little Taj," with its inset, pointed arches, viewed at an advantageous distance of several hundred feet, from just within the ground's entrance, is to me really more

beautiful than the splendid Taj Mahal itself, because the height of the "Little Taj," and, inclusively, of its arches, is greater in proportion to its base than is that of its famous predecessor. The result is a more delicate, lofty and inspiring effect—which effect appears, obviously, to be the most apropos and essential one to obtain in erecting mausoleums of this nature.

Close, detailed inspection of the two tombs would present a diametrically opposite analysis, but in work such as this, it would seem that the most crucial aspect is the ensemble and not the minutiæ or finis.

Rajputana stars 133

When in Rajputana, a great state of northwestern India, I was impressed by the brilliancy of the stars on a clear night. It may have been due to atmospheric or other conditions, but whatever the cause, in no other part of the World have I seen such magnificent stars.

tulwar 133

The large, splendid, curved sword of India.

Flaming Trees 133

The trees that spread out like great umbrellas, covered on top with masses of blood-orange colored blossoms, and called "Flame of the Forest," though in the Philippines we usually nicknamed them "Fire Trees."

THE DOUBTER 177

In the particular case of the ancient Egyptians, the true or monotheistic religion was purely esoteric, and consequently totally unappreciated by the vast uninitiated.

THE HERITAGE 215

Genealogical data are usually a dreadful bore, but as I have mentioned my ancestors Captain John Garrett of the Revolutionary Army, and afterwards a member of the Delaware Legislature, and, on my Mother's side, Captain Jonathan Cowpland of the

Revolutionary Navy as well as his father, Judge Caleb Cowpland, who was also a member of the Provincial Assembly, in Pennsylvania, in 1729 and 1731–36, I think—simply in order not to seem to wish to ignore other early and patriotic members of my family—it would do no harm for me to complete the list of my "worthy forebears" in this small inconspicuous note at the end of the book, which, of course, can be omitted by the reader who is not interested in these generally considered uninteresting details.

Thomas Garrett, formerly of England and the first of the name here, and not to be confused with the Quaker Garretts and other Garretts in this general vicinity, was settled near Chadd's Ford, on the Brandywine River, in southeastern Pennsylvania, as early as 1685, but many years before the Revolution the family moved down into Delaware—some years after the War coming back to Pennsylvania and settling in Philadelphia. Thomas Garrett's grant was under William Penn.

As was customary and necessary in those days when colonies and homes were being founded in a new, wild and virgin land, the first generations "jumped in" and carved out a livelihood for themselves and their children according to the meagre opportunities those stern and trying times afforded; but the predominant feature of the earliest members of the family in this country was that they were very extensive land owners, being possessed of large estates in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Virginia, though so far as I know, they never actually lived on their holdings in the last named colony.

My Mother's family, the Grays, who settled here in 1683, also received their lands, which extended for a long distance between Philadelphia and Chester, from William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. The Grays were one of the well-known, old, original, Quaker families, later becoming Presbyterians, but are now, so far as I know, extinct in the male line, and consequently the name has died out, though for several generations they were members of the First City Troop of Philadelphia, and of the State in Schuylkill, or as that ancient and aristocratic Philadelphia organization is generally called, "The Old Fish House."

It might be interesting to here mention that my great-great-

grandfather, Joseph Gray, feeling religious compunction, on account of being a Quaker, about actually entering the army during the Revolutionary War, "beat the devil around the bush" by becoming a military dispatch bearer, the value of whose services, in those days prior to the modern system of signaling and field telephones, can readily be imagined.

On the side of my Father, the late Captain George L. Garrett, of "Anderson's Troop" and later, the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, of the Northern or Union Army, during the Civil War, and who, at the beginning of those hostilities, volunteered his services to the Government, not for the abolition of slavery, however worthy the cause, but for the preservation and maintenance of that Union his great-grandfather had risked life, liberty and property to aid in creating—on my Father's side I might briefly mention the following,

Captain Goozen Gerritse Van Schaick (Van Schayck), my six times great-grandfather, Acting Indian Commissioner in New Netherland (New York State), Magistrate at Albany, 1662 etc., and lieutenant of cavalry, 1670, and captain, 1676.

Johannes De Peyster, my six times great-grandfather, who came to New York in 1649, and was one of "The Six" to draw up the first charter for New York City (New Amsterdam), was Schepen, 1655 etc., Alderman, 1666 etc., and Deputy Mayor, 1677.

Captain Johannes De Peyster, son of the above, and my five times great-grandfather, a lieutenant of infantry and captain of cavalry, Mayor of New York City, 1698, and member of the Colonial Assembly of New York State, 1698–1701, and,

Honorable Matthew Clarkson, my five times great-grandfather, Secretary of the Colony of New York in 1691, and the grandfather of the third Matthew Clarkson, my great-great-great-grandfather, who was Mayor of Philadelphia at the time of the terrible yellow fever epidemic in 1793, and at a period when the mayorship was a personal and social distinction. The first Matthew Clarkson, on his mother's side, who was a Kenrick, now spelled Kendrick, had a rather interesting ancestor, consequently also mine, by the name of David Kenrick, a companion of the Black

Prince, son of Edward III, at the battles of Crecy and Poictiers.

KELVIN 248

The great British scientist. Born in Belfast, Ireland in 1824. Died near Largs, Scotland in 1907. His name is among those the British Government has honored by carving into the floor of Westminster Abbey.

THE DYAK CHIEF. 251

The Dyaks, a "brown" race, are the savage inhabitants of Central Borneo, and are said to have come originally from the Malay Peninsula, but to have since been gradually driven into the center of the island by the influx of the present Malays, who now inhabit the coasts and often far inland, especially up the rivers.

The Dyaks, though an old, aboriginal Malay stock, differ radically from the Malays in nearly every particular.

They are a dark-skinned, strong, well-knit, square-shouldered and beautifully muscled type of men, neither tall nor short, fat nor lean, but comparable to the typical American cavalryman or football halfback or trained middle-weight boxer or wrestler.

They have small, dark, beady, snake-like eyes, high cheek bones and straight black hair, often "bobbed" at the neck and frequently with a band around it, giving them much the appearance of North American Indians, were it not that their eyes and noses are smaller. They affect a breech-cloth only, excepting for the sake of warmth, when they don a light cloth jacket or a fibre coat, the latter being a simple affair, hanging straight, with a slit at the top through which the head is placed, after the manner of a present-day American Army "poncho."

A chief is distinguished by having pheasant feathers falling down the back of one of these coats, and in the town or "kampong" of Olong Liko I was the recipient of the unusual privilege of having a friendly Dyak chief take off his cloak-like garment that I had been examining, put it on over my head, and insist on my keeping it—which it is needless to say I was only too glad to do—and which

I still have preserved as the most valued treasure of all the many that I brought back from my travels.

The women are of the typical heavy-waisted savage category, frequently wearing something above the waist, but whose usual costume consists merely of a long cloth, resembling a skirt, wrapped around their legs.

Truth compels me to ungallantly state the ladies are not prepossessing.

The chief occupations of the Dyaks are hunting, fishing and tending their little truck-gardens, which mode of life probably accounts for their average splendid physique.

Moeroeng 251

The Moeroeng (River) is a long stream in Central Borneo that unites with the Djoeloi to form the Barito, the latter being one of the great rivers of Borneo, flowing from its center in a general southerly direction, and emptying into the Java Sea a short distance to the west of the southeastern extremity of the island. Pronunciation: Moeroeng=Mooroong; Djoeloi=Jooloi.

kampong 251

Kampong is a native Dyak village, and consists of from one to three or four long houses, and sometimes small detached ones. The long house, the characteristic building, is anywhere from fifty to two or three hundred feet in length, elevated, on poles, from eight to twenty feet in the air. The sides of the houses are of rough boards or of bark and the roofs usually of bark shingles. The age of the dwellings can be told by the height they stand above the ground, those on the highest poles being the oldest ones, because of the former greater savagery of, and more frequent warfare between, the natives. Here literally we have a case of the home being the fortress.

Within, the long house is of one of two arrangements: either it consists of a huge hall, often decorated with the skull and horns of the chase, running practically the entire length, and with family rooms opening into it and bake-rooms or kitchens at both ends, or the house consists merely of one very long room without parti-

tions, the different families, with their crude cooking hearths, "squatting" around the sides of the room at intervals of ten or fifteen feet. Occasionally some of the families will hang up cloth divisions. Here, truly, we have the communal scheme of living carried to its ultimate extreme.

headless waist 251

The Dyaks are the famous "head-hunters" of Borneo, and although their inhuman proclivities of procuring heads for their belts, in order to give them certain distinctions, among them, the prerogative of marrying have, at the present time been largely suppressed by the Dutch authorities, nevertheless a traveler's trip through Central Borneo is dangerous owing to the fact that some actual head-hunting bands are still roaming the dense jungles through which he is passing.

Due to pure luck my path was not crossed by any of these outlaw nomad troops, which is possibly why I am writing this to-day, as one white man, even though armed with a long 38 Army Colt revolver, could probably make little headway against a whole band of these savages. My three Malay coolies were highly trustworthy and efficient, but I am not positive as to exactly what extent I could have counted on them in the eventuality of an actual attack.

lianes 252

Long, bare, tropical, vine-like growths that sometimes wrap themselves around the trunk of a tree, and sometimes hang from the branches straight to the ground.

leeches 253

Little gray leeches, up to half an inch in length that, as a bare-footed person walks through the jungle, attach themselves to his feet and ankles and suck the blood, until removed or until, having gotten their fill and swollen to many times their former size, fall back to the ground satiated.

In the case of a white man, they will burrow through the seam at the back of his sock to get the blood they crave.

proa 254

Pronounced prow, and is any small crude Dyak or Malay Bornese boat, propelled by paddling.

blow-spear. 254

A spear with a hollow shaft through which the Dyaks blow a light, wooden dart or arrow. I have seen these in Java and the Philippines also.

mandauw (or parang) 254

Pronounced mandow, and is the typical Dyak sword with a straight blade broadening gradually until near the end, then abruptly narrowing again to a point. It is sharpened on one edge only.

chief poles. 255

High wooden flag-like poles, carved near the base, and with long tassels falling from the top. Erected in front of the long house in memory of dead kampong (village) chiefs.

Moeroeng rapids 258

The Moeroeng River has magnificent rapids, which I and my three Malay coolies shot on my return by river from Olong Liko to Poeroek Tjahoe.

tom-toms 262

Round, drum-like, metal musical instruments, beaten with a stick having a large knob.

(You know how far it comes) 265

Refers to the fact that salt is precious to the Dyaks, and must be gotten from the distant coasts, through traders.

Sick-man's Drums 265

The beating of the tom-toms, with the playing of other "musical" instruments, when a Dyak is sick. The nearer death, the louder

the beating. Supposed to be very efficacious. In this particular case the "Sick-man's Drums" were, of course, beaten ironically.

greasy cakes 266

Thick, round, half-cooked, greasy, Dyak cakes, utterly indigestible and unprepossessing.

CRITICISMS

CRITICISMS

Criticisms of Erwin Clarkson Garrett's previous books, almost all of whose contents, together with several new poems, are contained in this volume.

Boston Evening Transcript: * * * * * In the ballads there is breathed a spirit and a fascination akin to Kipling's best Oriental poems. * *

Chicago Inter-Ocean: * * * * * poems straight from the heart of a private soldier, full of freshness and color, swing and melody. * * * * *

New York Evening Post: * * * * * They are the poems of a man who has marched and fought and slept with the Army, and they have the right ring. * * * * *

Baltimore Sun: * * * * * Erwin Clarkson Garrett reveals himself as a first-rate open air singer of American Balladry. * * * * * his sincerity appeals and the dramatic and original qualities of his work, its picturesqueness and human nature and good ballad swing is refreshing. * * * * *

Washington, D. C., Evening Star: * * * * * This writer has the gift of words and rhyme and rhythm. * * * * *

C. G. Child, Ph.D., in The Alumni Register: * * * * * His lines are pitched to a singing tune; his rhythms are not exotic or bookish; he is overhearing the bugle, the chanty, the song of the camp. So very large a part of Mr. Garrett's work has displayed this form of lyric inspiration, leading toward the descriptive and the dramatic, that it is of interest to note in this connection one or two poems of more purely lyrical inspiration—notably "My Loves," which tells of the lure of far-off lands, their waves and winds, and the charming fancy entitled "The Rose." * * * *

Army and Navy Register: * * * * * The poems show a keen appreciation of the romantic and picturesque side of the soldier's life with touches of humor and pathos that make up the comedy and tragedy of the calling. Mr. Garrett's verses are truly sympathetic and appeal to worthy

sentiment. They are among the best of anything which has been written in any form concerning the Army and they deserve appreciation. If the Army has a poet who has shown himself by his verses capable of expressing in this form, service traditions and military life, it must be this former soldier. Mr. Garrett has preserved the varying conditions of the soldier's life and the soldier's sentiment in verses that are really worth while. * * * * *

Philadelphia Press: * * * * * The American soldier has found his Kipling in Erwin Clarkson Garrett.

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